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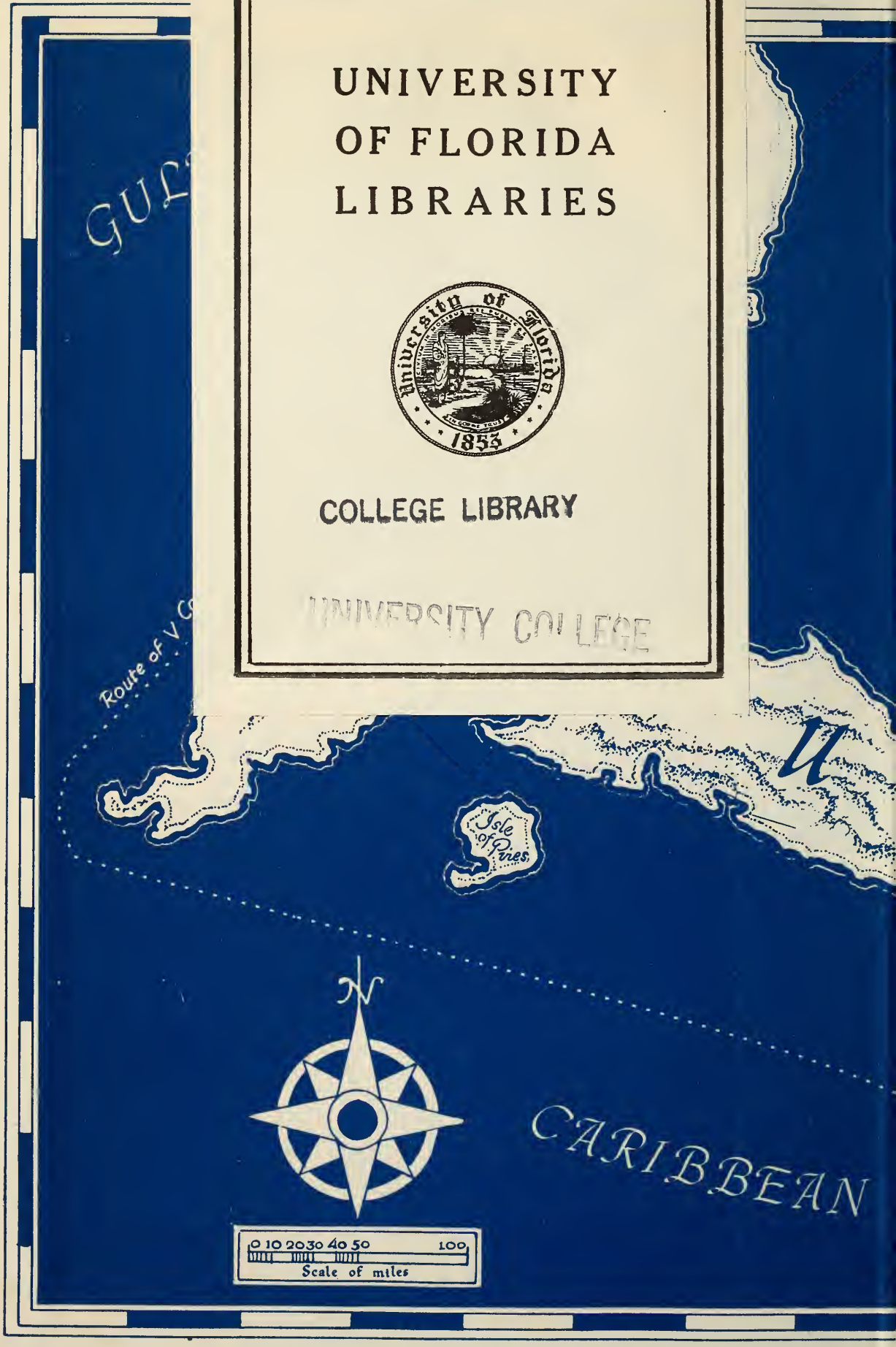

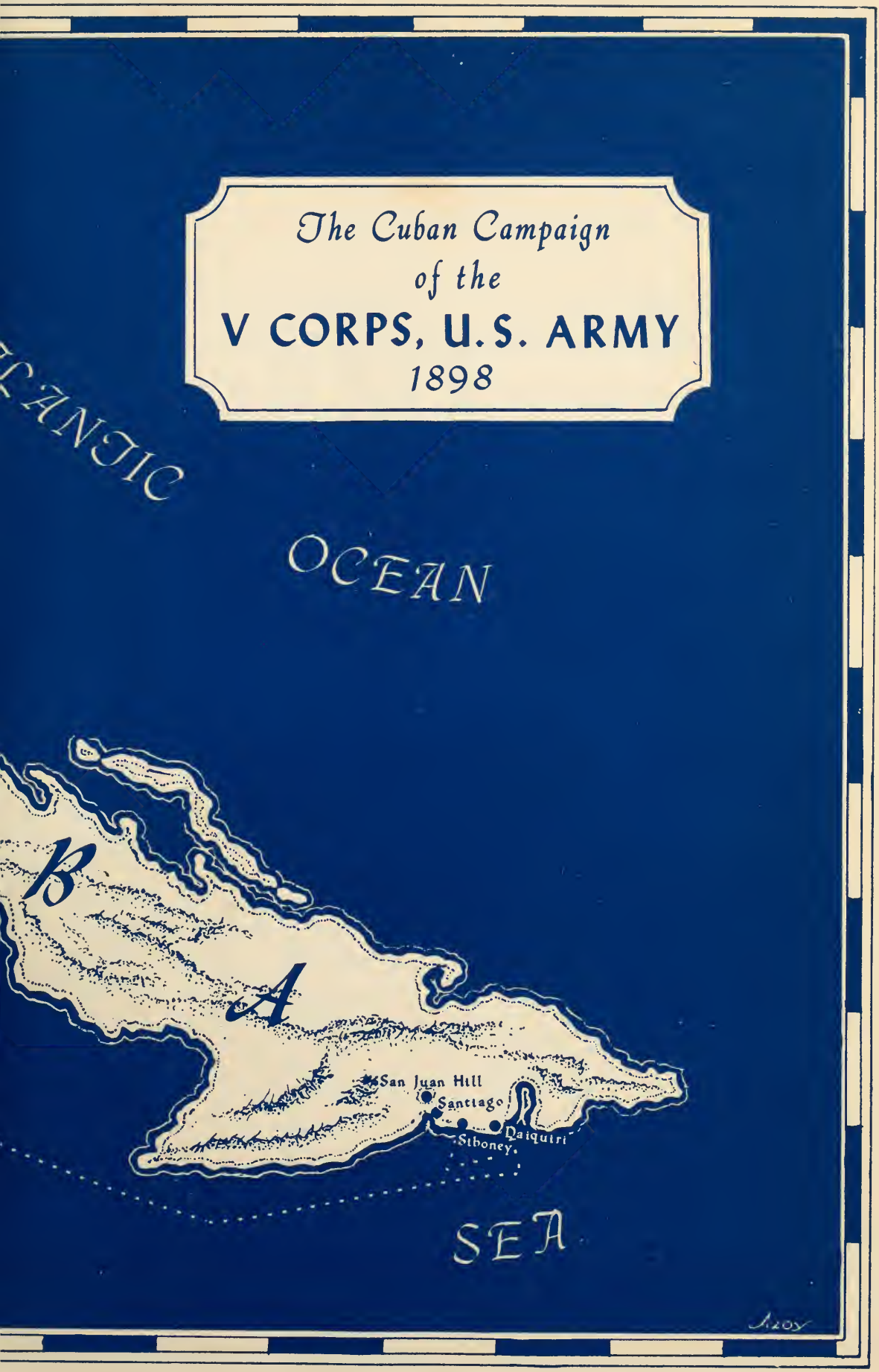
The Cuban Campaign
of the
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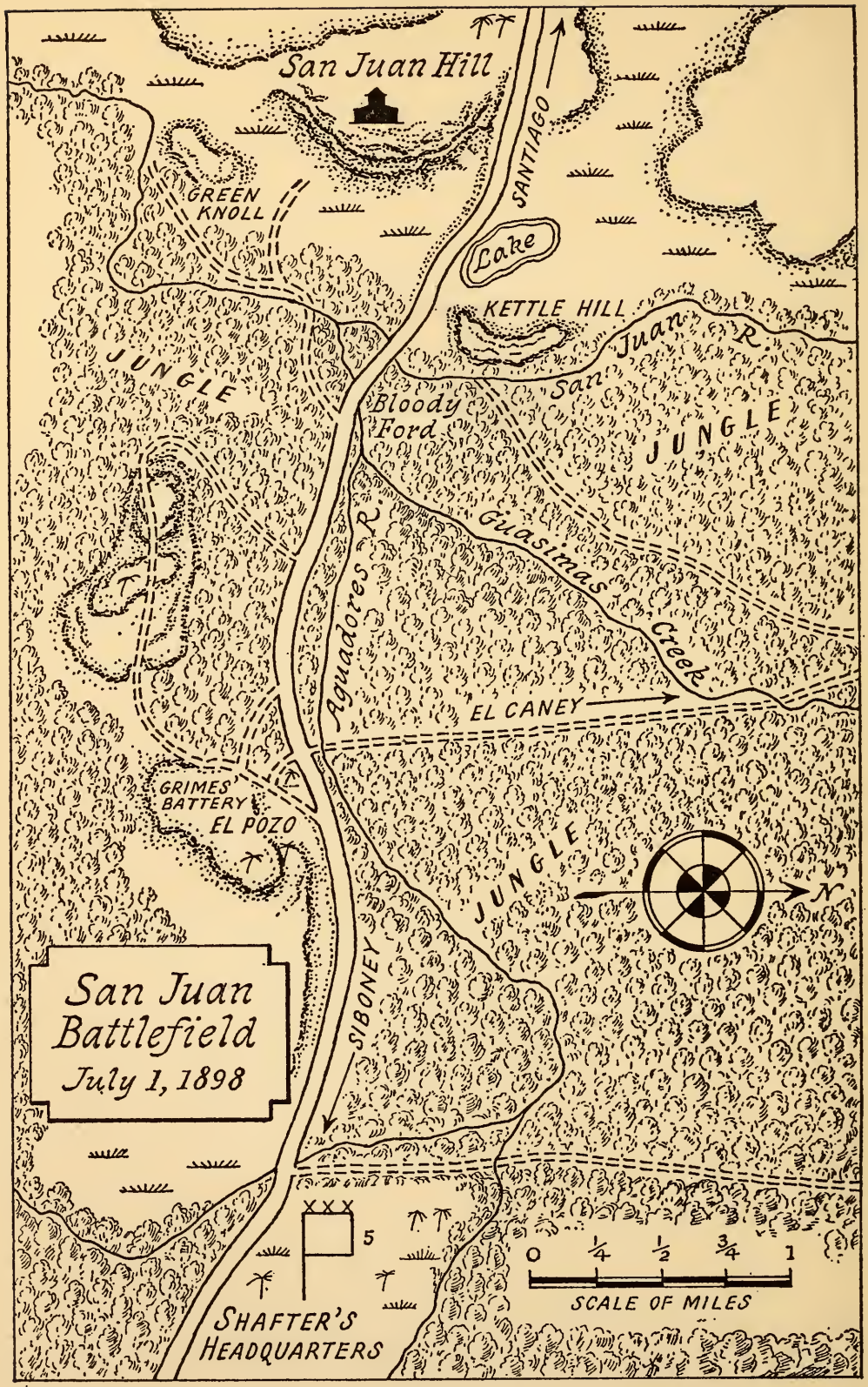
CHARGE!

The Story of the Battle of San Juan Hill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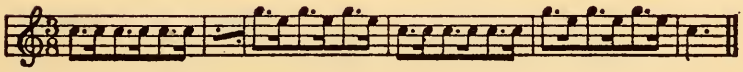
CHARGE!

The Story of the Battle of San Juan Hill

by

A. C. M. AZOY



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ATTENTION!

On July 1, 1898, the United States Army fought an unusual battle.

It was the final and decisive engagement of a three-round fight that began modestly enough with a regimental set-to, later went on to a divisional encounter, and then ended with a slam-bang, full-scale assault on hostile positions by an Army Corps, concluding in a head-on charge that won the day.

Compared to the famous affair of Gettysburg on the thirty-fifth anniversary of which it occurred, it was little more than an outpost action, and World War veterans would disdainfully rank it as not much better than a good-sized commando fracas. But it holds a record as the only engagement in our Army's history which marked the simultaneous start and finish of a campaign by an expeditionary force on foreign soil. Furthermore, it was—and still is—one of the extremely rare examples in any army's history of an outnumbered command of infantry and artillery storming and capturing the permanent fortifications of a foe who was better positioned on his own home grounds, better armed and equipped, better trained for the work at hand, better acclimated to the fighting conditions and in point of fact superior in just about everthing but the will

to win. Its bullet-riddled hours saw our first use of smokeless powder and the last battlefield appearance of flashing sabers and waving banners, bestowed the Medal of Honor on a valorous total of twenty-six nephews of Uncle Sam, broke Spain's centuries-old empire to make a republic of her colony of Cuba, gained recognition of the United States as a new world power, set a future president on his way to the White House, and incidentally taught thousands of Americans the correct pronunciation of the Spanish "j." History calls this fight of that long-ago Cuban campaign "the charge up San Juan Hill"; cynical war correspondents caustically referred to it as "comic opera," but the troops who sweated through it and saw their buddies (they called them "bunkies" then) killed and wounded—just as surely as more scientific methods of mass mayhem later would provide the casualty lists at Soissons and Bastogne and Iwo Jima—profanely proclaimed the battle the whole Spanish-American War. And they were just about right.

This is the story of that battle.

SALUTE!

The helpful and valuable cooperation is most gratefully acknowledged of: Thelma E. Bedell, Chief of Readers' Service, U.S. Military Academy Library; Olga J. Carney; Sidney Forman, Librarian, U.S. Military Academy; Major General Philip E. Gallagher, U.S. Army (Ret); Sylvia C. Hilton, Librarian, New York Society Library; Dr. Francis S. Ronalds, U.S. Department of the Interior; Middleton Rose, late Sergeant, K Co., 7th Regiment, N.Y. National Guard; Erwin H. Sherman, late Captain, 151st Field Artillery, U.S. Army, and William B. Tippetts.

A.C.M.A.

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A. C. M. AZOY

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The Army Officer's Manual

West Point Today
Three Centuries under Three Flags
Bad Nauheim

They Were Not Afraid to Die
Patriot Battles
Paul Revere's Horse

Goal Lines
The West Point Primer

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To the

ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES

Past, present, and future—

H O W !

I

REVEILLE

[JANUARY 1–APRIL 25]

OF ALL THE MIDNIGHT celebrations of December 31, 1897, welcoming the new year of 1898, none—not even the holiday high jinks in the luxurious lobbies of New York's recently opened Waldorf-Astoria—aroused more enthusiastic gaiety than that offered by a man-of-war of the United States Navy, moored in lonely majesty in the harbor of Key West, at the very tip of Florida.

As the ship's bell sounded the eight strokes that marked the last hour of the old year a boatswain's pipe shrilled from the dark mass of the ironclad and on the instant strings of electric lights blazed into a dazzling outline of hull, funnels, masts, and rigging. The effect on the surprised onlookers of this sudden and undreamed-of spectacle was overwhelming. Salvos of applause, whistles, and cheers burst spontaneously from the watchers on the shore and the neighboring ships, and next day the local paper enthusiastically termed the show "one of the finest displays of electricity ever witnessed in the city, or perhaps in the south." With such a splendid start, the Key West citizenry

gaily assured each other, 1898 should indeed be a happy New Year for all.

But, as the year turned out, a less accurate symbol of happiness than the gleaming silhouette that shone so bravely there in the soft Florida night, or one more inappropriate to serve as an omen of peace and prosperity, would have been hard to find. For the ship was the USS *Maine,* destined in six short weeks to inspire and lend her name to a national call to arms.

For a month the *Maine* had idly swung at her harbor buoy, her white hull and buff superstructure dominating the local seascape. By day her crew could be seen busy at drill and assorted tasks of marine housekeeping; by night her shore liberty parties were equally active in acquiring chronic indigestion from the fried pork and possum urged on them by the city's hospitable inhabitants, and everyone wondered why such a ship should be so long sequestered in a harbor that even the most rabid Key West booster would have to admit was a port of something less than national importance. Only the *Maine*'s commander, Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, knew the answer and that answer was in navy orders marked "Confidential."

As a member of our North Atlantic Squadron under doughty old Admiral Sicard the *Maine* had spent the summer of '97 off the New England coast. Target practices and fleet maneuvers were pleasantly interspersed with visits to Newport, Bar Harbor, and other highly social ports of call that delightfully dulled the ugly rumors that with increasing frequency were drifting up from the Span-

ish island colony of Cuba, a paltry ninety miles or so from our southernmost coast. For more than two generations the Cuban colonists had been agitating for an autonomous status for their country. Over the years this agitation had taken various forms, ranging from passive resistance to a shooting war with all the trimmings of burned plantation houses, ruined crops, starving peasants, homeless refugees, and the killing of innocent bystanders. Now at last Spain was determined that the island unrest should be stopped once and for all, and to see that it was she sent over her most experienced pacifier, one General Weyler. His primitive pacification methods soon earned him the accurate but hardly affectionate nickname of "Butcher" and served to inflame still further the resentment which most Americans had long felt against Spain's rough treatment of her Cuban subjects. Recruits for the Cuban insurrectos were secretly enlisted in the United States and spirited across the Caribbean; the single-starred Cuban flag was designed and first flown in New York City; guns and ammunition were smuggled from our shores to the Cuban insurgents by American filibusters whose descendants would, in years to come, smuggle rum in the opposite direction. Diplomatic relations between Uncle Sam and the Castilian crown were becoming decidedly strained, and when William Randolph Hearst of the New York *Journal* and Joseph Pulitzer of the New York *World* heedlessly seized upon the headline news possibilities inherent in this tenuous situation to promote the circulations of their rival sheets, official Washington was gravely apprehensive over what

might happen. What did at last happen to cause the final rupture between the two countries could not have been less provoked nor more provoking.

One of the outstanding viewers-with-alarm of the national scene was our consul in Havana, ex-confederate General Fitzhugh Lee, West Point '56, and a nephew of old "Massa Robert" himself. He openly espoused the Cuban cause and was firmly convinced that he was in consequence surrounded by deep-laid plots against the United States which could only be thwarted by a show of American armed might. In weary capitulation to the consul's daily warnings of the critical situations which he felt were constantly threatening him, Washington had finally agreed to hold a warship in readiness to come to his aid if really needed, and the *Maine*—detached from the squadron—would be that ship. Ostensibly she would be berthed at Key West to prevent the running of contraband from the United States to the Cuban rebel forces, but actually she would be prepared at all times to set out at full speed for Havana when called. The starting signal would be given by Lee himself; remarkably, the Navy had waived all requirements for communicating through official channels and the consul was authorized to address Sigsbee directly, using a code prepared especially for the occasion. At the first sign of actual danger, Lee was to send to the *Maine*'s captain by cable or courier—there was more than a little evidence that American mail was tampered with in the Havana post office—the simple message "Two dollars." This would alert the warship to be on her way within two

hours after the receipt of a second message of a similarly innocuous nature. Meanwhile, genial and kindly William McKinley in the White House was hopefully prophesying that Spain would effect an honorable settlement of her colonial difficulties, and all in all it seemed that the quiet tenor of our national ways would continue unbroken.

Captain Sigsbee was a notable exception to the number of those who happily contemplated this idyllic outlook. He already had received a message from the Navy Department that the *Maine* was to rejoin Admiral Sicard's squadron when it arrived off Key West on January 23; now he got another wire that contained only the cryptic words "Two dollars" and was signed "Lee." If Sigsbee felt any portentous connection between these two cables he gave no sign of it. Obviously, Lee was getting jittery about something that might happen in Havana, but against this vague contingency was the very definite directive that the *Maine* would return to the fleet, and she fell in with her sister ships exactly on schedule.

By twilight of the 24th the fleet had reached its berth off the Dry Tortugas, and as the anchor chains rattled through the hawse holes, the flagship *New York* broke out the welcome signal "Bank your fires." Apparently the squadron was going to take it easy for a while, and the crews thankfully began to prepare for a few days' respite from their strenuous drill and maneuver program. All, that is, but Sigsbee. Moved by a sudden impulse that he could afterward explain only as a "strange premonition" he ordered the *Maine*'s black gang merely to spread their

fires. Within three hours his unusual action was vindicated.

Two bells (nine o'clock for landlubbers) was echoing from the decks of the fleet when Sigsbee sighted the dispatch boat *DuPont* roaring up under forced draft, burning signal flares to ensure immediate recognition. The urgency of the *DuPont*'s arrival from the direction of Key West gave the *Maine*'s skipper another of his "strange premonitions"; as he later recalled it, "I felt the *DuPont* might carry orders for the *Maine* to go to Havana, and I piped all hands to their stations so we could start at once." Again his hunch proved correct.

No sooner had Admiral Sicard received the *DuPont*'s commander than the red and white signal lights on the flagship summoned Sigsbee to come aboard. His visit was brief. "The Navy Department orders the *Maine* to proceed to Havana for a friendly visit of undetermined length," said Sicard. "How soon can she be ready to go?" The captain reached for his cap. "She is ready now, sir," he replied and, at the admiral's gratified nod, was over the side to his waiting gig.

Within two hours the *Maine*'s engine room reported a full head of steam. Anchors were off the bottom, sailing lights lit, lookouts posted, and high on the bridge Sigsbee turned to his executive officer, Lieutenant Commander Richard Wainwright, and gave the most fateful order of his naval career: "Take her out, sir!" So for the last time the *USS Maine* left her home waters, slipping softly past the sleeping ships she would never sail with again, heading

toward that other harbor where destiny was waiting for her.

Back in his cabin Captain Sigsbee finished checking his orders for the morrow—a Cuban landfall to be made east of Havana, the course then along the coast to bring the *Maine* to the city about eleven o'clock, everybody in dress blues, saluting batteries ready, the largest U.S. ensign at the stern. Calling William Anthony, his Marine orderly, the captain sent the orders to the bridge and then in his diary permitted himself a puzzled comment: "I do not know the precise reason which induced the United States Government to act at this time." If he had known, he would have been even more puzzled.

At about the same time that the *Maine* was meeting up with Sicard's ships off Key West, that eccentric but astute newspaper publisher, James Gordon Bennett, decided that his New York *Herald* should have a special correspondent in Havana to furnish firsthand reports on the worrisome Spanish-Cuban situation, which daily seemed to be getting worse. So to join the other foreign press representatives in the capital of that troubled isle, Bennett dispatched John Caldwell, one of the ablest newshounds on his staff, whose ability to ferret out secret and confidential information was equaled only by his adroitness in getting such information back to his paper.

Knowing of the strict censorship Spain was imposing on all Cuban dispatches, Caldwell, before leaving New York, had fixed up a private code of his own with the

Herald's cable editor. This commendable bit of foresight would prove its worth as soon as he had established himself in Havana's Hotel Ingleterra and found it expedient secretly to ask his home office to furnish him some means of personal protection—pistol preferred—against possible assaults by the resident Yankee-haters. The *Herald* obligingly sent Caldwell a revolver. And only a revolver; no cartridges came with it. Foreigners were forbidden to purchase ammunition in Havana and as his special code contained nothing that would cover this situation, Caldwell slyly reported back to New York: "Camera arrived but no films. Please rush by next steamer." To this he signed his full name signifying that the message was in cipher, and hoped his cable editor would get the point.

That gentleman not only did not get the point, but he never got the message. He was off duty the night Caldwell's message arrived and his young assistant, knowing nothing of any revolver nor the private Caldwell code, assumed that the wire was a regular dispatch and turned to the newpaper's code book to decipher it. When he had completed his translation he gave it one startled look and fled with it to City Editor Reick. The innocent-appearing text had surprisingly turned out to be a grim bulletin that the U.S. Consulate in Havana was under attack by anti-American mobs!

Reick wasted no time. Grabbing a phone he alerted the chief of his Washington Bureau to inform all appropriate government officials of the situation. The bureau chief wasted no time either, and a hurried conference of Navy

and State Department executives resulted in Reick's cabling back to Caldwell: "Send report Cuban cane crop. Want for main section." Decoded, this meant "U.S. man-of-war ordered Havana. Ship is Maine."

Now it was Caldwell's turn to get excited. Bounding from his office he sought out General Lee and to that surprised individual breathlessly repeated the news he had just received. Lee was incredulous. Only two days ago the Navy had asked him about sending the *Maine* to Cuba and he had advised against it, and just that very morning he had again cabled Washington that the local Spanish authorities felt such a visit should by all means be postponed until the matter had been referred to Madrid.

His expostulations were interrupted by the thud of gunfire from the harbor, and he and Caldwell rushed to the window to see the *Maine* busily exchanging salutes with a shore battery as she swung up to her predesignated harbor berth between the Spanish flagship *Alfonso XII* and the German training ship *Gneisenau.* It seemed unimportant at the time, but the fact that the *Maine*'s mooring buoy was officially listed as "No. 3" on the harbor charts and had inexplicably been renamed "No. 4" just before her arrival was later to have sinister implications, particularly when it was whispered that no foreign ship had ever before been allotted that particular spot for anchorage.

Reluctantly Lee cabled the State Department: "Ship arrived quietly 11 A.M. today. No demonstration" and just to cover himself, sulkily added, "so far." He then sought a siesta in his quarters, only to be interrupted by a superflu-

ous message from Washington that confirmed what he had unhappily known for two hours: "Maine has been ordered. Will arrive Havana some time tomorrow, Tuesday. Probably early. Cooperate with authorities for her friendly visit. Keep advised by frequent telegrams."

Three days later the official cordiality of the *Maine*'s reception was given a more personal emphasis when General Parrado, Cuba's deputy governor, offered Captain Sigsbee a box for the Sunday bullfight in the name of the governor, General Ramon Blanco, accompanying the invitation with a case of fine old sherry. The captain accepted both gifts with pleasure. To show his appreciation he sent with his acceptance a presentation copy of his own monumental work *Deep Sea Sounding and Dredging*, an amiable gesture which, while it may have been of doubtful fascination to a landbound Army man, was received with every manifestation of gratitude.

Fitzhugh Lee prefaced the bullfight party with an elaborate luncheon at the Havana Yacht Club for the *Maine*'s senior officers, following which Sigsbee and his staff went to the fight arena, somewhat fearful that although they were in civilian clothes they might receive unfriendly attentions from the Spanish spectators. But except for a few dark looks from their immediate neighbors nothing untoward took place, the only really serious portent of the afternoon being a large poster printed in Spanish which someone thrust into Sigsbee's hand as he passed through the Havana railroad station. Back on their own quarterdeck that evening, the captain and his officers read the

handbill as quickly as they could translate it. They found it extremely interesting reading.

Across the top a headline screamed: "SPANIARDS! Long Live Spain With Honor!" followed by the query: "What are you doing that you allow yourselves to be insulted in this way?" Without specifying the insult the text continued with a special paragraph devoted exclusively to the *Maine*. "These Yankee pigs who meddle in our affairs, humiliating us to the last degree and, for a still greater taunt, order us a man-of-war of their rotten squadron." The text ended with the exhortation: "Death to the Americans! Death to autonomy! Long live Spain!"

And just to make sure American readers would get the idea, there was scribbled in English along the bottom margin: "Look out for your ship!"

If any further evidence were needed that Havana was not 100 per cent pro-Yankee, it was immediately supplied by a large billboard in the city depicting a Cuban loyalist about to insert a banana peel under the foot of an arrogant Uncle Sam; plainly the best way for the *Maine*'s crew to keep out of trouble in Havana was to keep out of Havana. However, Captain Sigsbee entertained many of the local diplomatic and social leaders on his ship, but it was noticeable that no officers of the Spanish Army or Navy ever came aboard except on strictly official business.

Meanwhile, the safety of the *Maine* herself was jealously guarded. Sentries with rifles and live ammunition were posted on the bridge and at all gangways, and extra stands of guns and ammunition were kept ready for landing par-

ties. The anchor watch at night was doubled and so that there might be sufficient hydraulic pressure always available for the mechanism that worked the 10-inch gun turrets, steam was kept up in two boilers instead of one. All batteries had their shells stacked nearby, and in addition to daily gun and boat drills, "General Quarters" and "Clear Ship for Action" were practiced three times weekly. Sigsbee was taking nothing for granted and leaving nothing to chance—except the one chance which nobody could anticipate.

So January passed, and early February saw the tropic calm of the bay and the city that dozed beside it disturbed only by the arrivals of the Ward Line's *City of Washington,* the German Navy's *Charlotte* to replace the departed *Gneisenau,* and the Spanish dispatch boat *Legazpi.* Sigsbee felt a slight, undefinable concern that the *Legazpi*'s was the only Spanish captain who pointedly failed to make the traditional courtesy call on him.

Looking back with the omniscience of hindsight, there were those of the *Maine*'s company who would later recall that the day of February 15 was strangely marked by a noticeable cessation of almost all harbor activity. Fewer ferries seemed to run, there were no market boats making their customary rounds, and the sole distraction offered to the *Maine*'s deck watch was the odd behavior of a barge which for no apparent reason was several times towed through the narrow waterway between the *Maine* and the shore.

When the warship's flag dropped at sunset the easterly

trade wind that had been blowing steadily all day dropped with it, and as darkness closed in the *Maine* hung motionless at her mooring, swung by the tide to head north by east. Standing at the rail Sigsbee noted that never before had his ship lain in that particular direction; he chuckled with professional approval as he pointed out to a subordinate that it was the one position from which all the *Maine*'s guns covered the Havana shore defenses and against which the only sure protection would be a submarine mine. (He recalled the remark the next day, but he didn't chuckle then.) The night air was heavy and humid and the water was so still that only an errant ripple occasionally rocked the *Maine*'s steam launch, floating at the starboard boat boom, or broke the harbor's reflection of the lights from the shipping.

On board the American ship the crew, wearied by the heat, had gone early to their hammocks and there was no light nor sound in the fo'c'sle. Four of the twenty-six officers had gone ashore after mess; the others were lounging on deck, in the wardrooms, or reading in their bunks. Alone in his cabin, Captain Sigsbee was deep in the composition of a letter to his wife in which he was attempting, without much success, to excuse himself for having just found, in the pocket of the lightweight civilian jacket he had donned, a letter she had asked him to mail for her ten months ago. As the deck watch struck half past nine on the ship's bell, the bemused commander halted his labors for a moment to listen as Bugler Newton on the foredeck brought the day officially to a close with "Taps;" Newton

was a trumpeter of no mean ability and he had a knack of inserting grace notes and trills into his calls that were highly popular with all his shipmates. As the softly drawn melody floated from the *Maine* to the hills across the bay and back again, Captain Sigsbee finished his letter, slipped it into an envelope, sealed it, addressed it, and looked at his watch. By a strange coincidence Naval Cadet W. T. Cluverius, down in the junior wardroom, at the same time finished a letter *he* was writing, put it in an envelope, sealed it, addressed it, and looked at *his* watch. He and his commander each noted the time to be exactly twenty minutes of ten.

On the *City of Washington,* tourist Sigmund Rothschild and a friend drew their chairs near the rail for a breath of fresh air before going below, and agreed that the *Maine* was a comforting sight for Americans in a semihostile country. As they spoke a muffled report as of a distant cannon sounded from the man-of-war, followed instantly by a thundering roar as a geyser of fire wrenched the *Maine*'s bow out of water and flung it back on itself. Deafened and horrified, Rothschild and his companion recovered themselves just in time to stagger under cover from the rain of debris that began to fall out of the great cloud of dense smoke that was mushrooming above the scene.

Sitting sleepily in his cabin on the British bark *Deva,* moored to a wharf half a mile from the *Maine*'s anchorage, Captain Frederick Teasdale was abruptly startled into wakefulness by the shock of an explosion that knocked askew the transoms of his stateroom door. Thinking at

first that his ship had been run into, he rushed on deck in time to see the mangled mass of the *Maine* settling down in a smother of foaming water and flame-lit smoke. He stood for a moment rooted to the spot and then called his crew to the boats for rescue work.

On shore in his navy yard quarters, Spanish Naval Lieutenant Julio Perera had just settled himself to some reading when the concussion of a blinding explosion roaring from the *Maine*'s mooring dumped him on the floor as it extinguished every electric light in Havana. A moment of startled silence followed, and then the darkness came alive with the pounding of terrified feet, the bleating of bugles calling the city's garrison to arms, and the uproar from the startled customers of the waterfront cafés.

Among them was the *Herald*'s John Caldwell. He had visited the cable office just before it closed at nine o'clock to wire his daily report, which read simply "Tranquil," and then sought the companionship of the other correspondents at their favorite dockside cantina. No sooner had he entered the place than the flash and shock of the harbor blast almost tore the building apart. Plaster showered down on the patrons as they struggled to get out against those in the street who were seeking shelter within, and the confusion was worse confounded by a troop of cavalry returning from maneuvers whose sorely frightened horses bore their riders helter-skelter through the black and crowded streets.

Seated at his desk and holding the envelope he had just sealed, Sigsbee was about to turn out the desk light

when catastrophe came to him in a bellowing bedlam of sudden sound that shook him and pounded him and wrapped him in its immensity of metallic volume. All light in the cabin vanished on the instant and as the captain staggered to his feet the shudder and lurching of the deck beneath him told him that, from causes as yet unknown, his ship apparently had suffered devastating damage. He himself seemed to be uninjured, so he began to make his way across the slanting floor toward the door which would lead him to whatever was left of his command. As he reached it he bumped into someone stumbling into the cabin. "Who's there?" said Sigsbee, and the Marines acquired another legend when a voice replied, "Private Anthony, sir. I have to report to the captain that the ship has blown up and is sinking!"

Fireman William Gartrell, on duty in the steering engine room in the far stern and on the lowest deck of all, was looking forward through a compartment when his eyes were dazzled by a sudden blue flame, searing in its intensity; he was the only man who actually saw the explosion and lived to tell of it. He and Frank Gardner, a coal passer, jumped up—for some reason they felt hardly any shock—and started for the ladders along the starboard side. As they climbed, Gardner struck his head on one of the steel beams. Gartrell heard him cry, "Oh, Jesus, Billy, I'm gone!" and found himself continuing the climb alone. It was a fearsome route to safety—up two ladders, along a passageway, through a door that led into the junior officers' wardroom, and finally up another ladder to the deck.

But in spite of the dark and the angle of the ship and the rising water, which he could feel lapping at his heels as he climbed, he safely reached the wardroom where he found Mess Attendant Westmore Harris. The two sailors started to pray but were interrupted by the authoritative voice of an unknown officer: "There is hope, men! Follow me!" Suddenly the seamen found themselves outside, where Gartrell fainted; the next thing he knew he felt himself picked up and placed in a rescue boat with Harris.

Meanwhile Sigsbee and his faithful orderly successfully made their way to the main deck, which they found awash. By the flickering light of burning wreckage they saw that the deck farther aft seemed to be above water and to offer at least momentary safety. Gaining this vantage point, Sigsbee stood by the starboard rail and took stock of the situation. It was not a happy one. As his eyes became accustomed to the smoky darkness the captain saw that the entire forward part of the ship was a jumble of wreckage; the two funnels lay overside and beyond them loomed an awesome mass of tangled and twisted steel plates, rigging, davits, lifeboats, ventilators, fittings from below decks, and human bodies. What was left of the *Maine* was still slowly settling in the water, and an eerie whistling sound indicated that the explosion had so strained the doors of the ship's watertight compartments that water had been admitted, forcing the air out through the cracks in the deck.

To Captain Sigsbee there soon appeared Commander Wainwright and others of the ship's officers, still dazedly

trying to comprehend what had happened to them. Naval Cadet D. F. Boyd and Assistant Engineer D. R. Merritt had been sitting together in the wardroom when the explosion crashed through the ship. Boyd was momentarily stunned by a flying splinter but was brought back to consciousness by Merritt's shout, "Out of this! Up on deck!" Holding to each other, the two officers groped their way from the cabin and along the bulkhead to the after torpedo room and there a tremendous rush of water separated them. Boyd grabbed for the ladder to the deck, but it was gone. He heard Merritt cry, "God help me! God help me!" and then banged against two torpedos lashed under the deck beams, which gave him his bearings. Twining his legs around one of the torpedoes, he worked his way along it toward the hatch, which he knew must be just ahead. With the rising water only a foot from the deck beams, Boyd reached the coaming of the hatch and with one last despairing effort pulled himself through to the deck. Merritt's body was found later, wedged against the two torpedoes.

Lieutenants George Holman, Carl Jungen, and Friend Jenkins and Chief Engineer Charles Howell were being served a pre-bed snack by Messman John Turpin in the senior officers' mess as tragedy struck. Holman, Jungen, and Howell were nearest the door and made their escape with comparative ease. Jenkins and Turpin were hurled to the floor by the concussion; when they regained their feet they found themselves in inky blackness with water rising above their knees. "Which way out?" called Jenkins,

and Turpin answered helplessly, "I don't know, sir!" Jenkins repeated his question and as the glare from a secondary explosion momentarily illuminated the compartment Turpin saw the lieutenant throw up his hands and disappear beneath the water, now shoulder deep. At the same instant the messman felt a rope brush against his face and instinctively clutching it drew himself up to the deck. No one saw Jenkins again.

Among the first survivors to present themselves to their commander were Lieutenant John Blandin, officer of the deck, bloody and groggy from a head wound but still on his feet, and Lieutenant John Hood, who had been talking with Blandin when the whole forward part of the ship vanished in what seemed to be a volcanic eruption. He and Blandin had pulled one wounded man from the wreckage even before reporting to Sigsbee.

From the few officers left to him, the captain immediately formed rescue and salvage parties to assess the fire damage and to rescue those of the crew whose cries for help could be heard from the shark-infested water. In this humane endeavor, the *Maine*'s boats were aided by those from the *City of Washington, Deva,* and *Alfonso,* which were quickly on the scene, but there was pitifully little for them to do. Apprentice Seaman Alonzo Willis, on anchor watch at the *Maine*'s stern, had been blown unharmed into the water and was easily found and hauled from the piece of floating wreckage to which he clung; Coal Passer Jeremiah Shea, freed he knew not how from the completely demolished berth deck along with Boatswain's

Mate Charles Bergman, who twice sank beneath falling debris, were equally fortunate in being picked up. But the rest of the crew who were discovered to be still alive were few and far between. Within fifteen minutes Commander Wainwright reported to his superior that all wounded had been taken on board the *Washington* or the *Alfonso,* and nothing further could be done to stay the fire that was still blazing up forward. Reluctantly Sigsbee gave the order "Abandon ship!" and waving his aides to precede him, stepped from his quarter-deck into the boat that was waiting at the rail.

Having been rowed to the *City of Washington,* the captain scrawled on the back of a Ward Line envelope the message to Navy Secretary Long whose opening words, excitedly read to him by his daughter who intercepted the Navy Department courier as she returned home from a dance, would waken the secretary from the last good night's sleep he was to know for a long time: "Maine blown up in Havana Harbor at nine-forty tonight and destroyed." Then, shrewdly guessing the probable shock effect of his bulletin when it was released to the nation, Sigsbee added his famous and farsighted admonition: "Public opinion should be suspended until further report."

But further reports in the form of official communiqués were so few and so slow in coming that public opinion could not be blamed if it got out of hand. Most people seemed to take it for granted that the whole affair was a dastardly Spanish plot; the New York *Journal* boldly asserted that the fatal explosion was caused by "an enemy's secret infernal machine" while the rival *World,* not to be

outdone, offered to send its own divers to the scene to obtain evidence. The Spanish censors aggravated the situation by clamping down a complete embargo on all unofficial bulletins to United States newspapers; not even the irrepressible Caldwell could break it. He tried to file an innocuous little human interest story on the literary interests of the Cubans, incidentally mentioning how greatly they were enjoying Rudyard Kipling's latest poem, "The Destroyers," but the censor was not fooled. He looked up the poem, found in it the line *"The doombolt in the darkness fired, the mine that splits the main"*—and that was the end of that.

Fuel was added to this Spanish fire by recurring rumors of the discovery of actual proofs of a plot. One Dr. E. C. Pendleton stated that the Spanish vice-consul in Key West had told him there were enough mines under and around the *Maine* in Havana "to blow her to hell"; an anonymous informant in New York quoted a letter from an unnamed Spanish army lieutenant to the effect that if the *Maine* didn't get away fom Havana "that will happen which will astonish the world"; a New York *Sun* reporter produced a copy of a letter purportedly written by Spain's General Weyler warning of the destruction awaiting unwanted ships in Havana Harbor. An eavesdropped discussion between members of the Circulo Militario (Military Club) in Havana specifically mentioned the blowing up of the *Maine* with $8,000 to the diver who placed the bomb and there was Captain Sigsbee's frank admission that he felt that the barge so strangely towed near to the *Maine* on the afternoon of the 15th could easily have dropped a

mine there without being detected. To quell the flood of extravagant and unprovable reports, the Associated Press on February 17 was forced to issue a blanket denial to its member papers: "Cruiser *New York* has NOT been ordered to Havana; Consul General Lee has NOT been assassinated; there is NO conference of the Cabinet; Congress is NOT in session tonight; President McKinley did NOT go to the Capitol, and the situation is decidedly quiet."

Finally there was the verdict of our quickly appointed Naval Court of Inquiry that the *Maine* "was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine" but "no evidence has been obtained for fixing the responsibility for the destruction upon any person or persons." So, despite the simultaneous and contradictory findings of a Spanish Naval Court that the *Maine* was the victim of an *internal* explosion, the matter rested quietly where it was, even as the *Maine* herself rested quietly on the harbor bottom.

Meanwhile the recovered bodies of 192 seamen who had died with the *Maine* were reverently laid to rest in Havana's cemetery in a plot specially consecrated in perpetuity by Spain—the officiating bishop insisted that only the Catholic burial service be used, but Sigsbee got around that by reading the Protestant service to himself. The private ward of the ship's wounded in the city hospital was marked by a sign requesting all who entered to remove their hats as a mark of respect, and when Captain Sigsbee sailed for home in March his departure was marked by all the traditional official and personal courtesy that Spain's representatives could offer. And, in one last

despairing effort to prove her sympathetic friendship for the United States, Spain sent her cruiser *Vizcaya* to New York on a courtesy call to repay the *Maine*'s visit.

But these friendly gestures were too late; the damage was done. The spark that destroyed the *Maine* had also touched off the fuse that would soon explode into the war the American press and people were demanding.

Matters moved fast. Early in March Congress passed a so-called emergency fund for defense of $50 million, and less than a month later President McKinley sent a message to Congress recommending armed intervention in Cuba. The Pope and the Queen Mother of Spain tried personal persuasion to stave off the hostilities that were daily becoming more menacing, but Capitol Hill could not have cared less. On April 15 the Army was ordered to mobilize, and on the 19th of the month Congress demanded that Spain withdraw from Cuba. This had the not unnatural result of abruptly terminating diplomatic relations between the two countries, and as the discredited ambassadors were leaving their posts for their respective homes on the 21st, McKinley cabled an ultimatum to Spain, demanding a reply by April 23.

To give added force to his request the President issued a call for 125,000 volunteers. The next day, Sunday the 24th, Madrid gazetted a royal decree declaring war against the United States, and on Monday, April 25, Congress passed a resolution announcing that a state of war had existed between Spain and the United States since April 23.

II

FIRST CALL

[APRIL 25–APRIL 29]

WHEN WAR CAME to the United States on that April Monday of 1898 it found an army that was loyally ready to tackle any martial mission assigned to it, no matter how difficult, but unhappily was quite unready to complete any such assignment, no matter how easy. The 28,183 officers and enlisted men in our Regular establishment were professional soldiers who knew their job and were good at it. There were still some among them who had fought in the Civil War, and there were many more who were veterans of the recent campaigns in the far West against the Indians. The only trouble was there were so few of them, and those few were scattered all over the country in isolated posts garrisoned in some cases by no more than a company; only occasionally was an entire regiment on duty together in a single cantonment, and even battalion commanders generally knew of the well-being (or the opposite) of their commands merely by reports or infrequent inspections. Any program of systematic training of such units was impossible—which was just as well, since we

then had no General Staff to plan such a program—and as for large-scale maneuvers, there had not been any formation of anything as big as a brigade in thirty years.

Nor was it merely men and modern training that our army lacked to fight Spain. There was no coordinated scheme on which to base the organization, administration, training, and equipment of the troops that would be needed in Cuba—of which island, by the way, our chief source of information was a book written two years previously by an officer who had never been there.

The uniforms available, designed for use primarily on the western plains, were entirely unsuited for a tropical climate—heavy blue wool shirts, breeches to match, canvas leggings, and long flannel underwear. Canvas coveralls eventually were issued to some units but the men quickly found out that the trouser legs of these garments provided splendid protection for their white blanket rolls, so the only thing gained was an increase in the weight of the rolls. For armament the recently adopted 6-shot 30-caliber Krag-Jörgensen rifle using smokeless powder was in sufficient supply only for the Regular troops, forcing the state organizations to carry the old .45 single-shot black-powder Springfield and causing added dismay to the Ordnance Department in supplying two kinds and sizes of rifles and ammunition simultaneously. Somebody found 200,000 yards of canvas tenting in a supply depot, but somebody else found that it was ready to and did disintegrate when touched. The quartermaster, to be sure, proudly produced an abundant stock of Civil War mess

tins, but the Commissary ruefully admitted there was no great reserve stock of rations to go into them, nor were these rations the proper kind for hot weather consumption. Finally there was discovered to be a serious dearth of pack mules—a lamentable lack which caused the market value of these lowly but indispensable animals to soar from $70 to $150 per mule. Even though millionaire John Jacob Astor and his appropriately affluent kinsman William Astor Chanler generously offered to relieve some of the critical deficiencies by donations of privately purchased equipment for a battery of field artillery and a regiment of infantry, respectively, it is little wonder that the fifty-eight officers who then comprised our Quartermaster Corps spent their spare time, if any, trying to think up less ulcerous ways of making a living.

Although the President was, as always, the Army's commander in chief, its executive director was Secretary of War Russell Alexander Alger, a white-goateed political veteran of the War between the States who somewhat in the manner of a much later cabinet officer who once boasted that "a million men will spring to arms overnight," assured McKinley that he could put 40,000 men ashore in Cuba in ten days. This optimism was short-lived when he found himself being taught the facts of army life in a real war by the few officers who fortunately were immediately available to him as tutors.

Chief of these was the titular head of the Army, the general in chief, fifty-nine-year-old Major General Nelson Appleton Miles, who had won the Medal of Honor at

Chancellorsville in '63 and twenty-three years later covered himself with additional glory by capturing the renegade Apache chieftain Geronimo. Miles had come up through the ranks of the Massachusetts National Guard and commanded an army corps of 26,000 men when he was twenty-six years old, so he at least had some of the experience needed for the job before him, even if he had no one to help him implement it. Or almost no one.

An inestimable advantage enjoyed by our side was the presence in Washington of two of the ablest officers any army ever had, Major General Henry C. Corbin and his colleague Lieutenant Colonel Arthur L. Wagner. Corbin was the adjutant general for whom no problems were too difficult, no paper work too heavy, no red tape too tangled, and no politician too deaf to hear the word "No" if such was needed; Wagner was considered the foremost American strategist and military writer of his time. He had developed the Army's school at Leavenworth, he authored the two military classics *The Service of Security and Information* and *Organization and Tactics,* and was properly looked to as our final authority on tactics and strategy. More recently, as chief of the Army's Bureau of Military Intelligence, he had sent young Lieutenant Andrew S. Rowan on the mission to the Cuban rebel leader Garcia which brought us our first real military information of that contentious individual and his followers and inspired Elbert Hubbard to pen his Big Business tract *A Message to Garcia,* which, translated into twenty languages (excluding the Spanish), sold over 50 million copies. In the

regrettable absence of a General Staff, these two officers assumed and exercised unusually wide authority, but someone had to do it and we could count ourselves lucky that Corbin and Wagner did.

The first extracurricular activity that faced Alger and his aides was the recruiting and processing of the problematical 200,000 volunteers so blithely invited to the colors by the President. The original plan was to swear into federal service the 100,000 men in the National Guard and then let the civilian applicants fill the remaining vacancies, but the National Guard would have none of it. The Guard was primarily a group of state organizations, more or less the private army of each state governor. It elected its own officers, built and owned its own armories, wore its own individual uniforms—chiefly in parades and at military balls, as drills were largely theoretical—and clearly indicated that it considered any effort to federalize it merely as part of a scheme to crush the Guard in the selfish interests of a greater Regular Army.

Furthermore, the Guard pointed out, such a scheme would inevitably lead to National Guardsmen serving under Regular officers, many of whom would be West Point graduates. From this appalling contingency the average Guardsman seemingly recoiled in horror. As one prominent citizen soldier of New York indignantly put it: "One of the reasons we would not go into the Regular Army is that we would have to serve under West Pointers. For a self-respecting American of good family to serve as a private, corporal or sergeant under a West Point lieutenant

or captain is entirely out of the question." Another one was less personal but equally determined: "The men would be glad to march away with my regiment, but would probably be slow to join a company with Tom, Dick or Harry and commanded by an officer other than the one under which they are now serving." Perhaps the Guard's case against any encroachment, real or fancied, upon state and regimental identities was best summed up by the militiaman who blandly declared: "To fight for my country as a Volunteer in the regiment I love would be a glorious pleasure, but to serve in the Regular Army and do chores . . . well, I would rather be excused!"

To placate these irate isolationists it was tactfully suggested that the National Guard, in the guise of Volunteers, should form a new federal force through the induction of all Guard outfits then at full strength, if approved by the governors concerned and by each organization itself. The governor of Kansas frostily refused to permit any of his National Guard units to be federalized, but any deterrent effect this aloof attitude might have had on the general situation was offset by the governor of Georgia, who stoutly proclaimed that he personally would lead his state troops into battle.

All officers in this hybrid force would be appointed by the President, again with gubernatorial approval; all Volunteer regiments would retain their state identities and numbers; and it was to be clearly understood that while the Army was to be composed of Volunteers (with a capital "V"), it was in no sense a volunteer army. This arrange-

ment seemed to satisfy everyone, and all the eligible National Guard regiments went along with the scheme, with the notable exception of the famed 7th Infantry of New York. This crack outfit, dating from 1806 and whose roster read like the membership list of an exclusive club, was in training and personnel and equipment a decided asset to the armed forces of the Empire State, but it offered one serious liability: for many years a political, official, and personal feud had existed between the regiment's legendary commander Colonel "Dan" Appleton and New York Governor Black. So, although the 7th was the first of the state's troops to volunteer its services, the offer was quietly ignored by the governor's office. Appleton then put his pride in his haversack and made a personal appeal direct to the governor, but his Excellency sent out word that if the 7th was so keen on serving, it would have to do so under gubernatorial designation of regimental identification, with such officers as higher authority saw fit to give it. Appleton brought this word to his command waiting in full field kit in the drill hall of its armory. "Gentlemen, what is your pleasure?" The gentlemen's pleasure was a thundering "No!"; they would always serve when called upon to do so as the 7th Regiment, they gravely but somewhat illogically announced, but would not volunteer to lose their identity by service in a federal army. (They didn't either, and were roundly hissed when they later marched in a city parade.)

Having settled the question of getting needed men into the Army, the overworked War Department now turned

to the related question of who would officer the men when it got them. For the high command of our increased ranks there would be needed 26 major generals and 102 brigadiers, and for these important jobs with the Volunteers there was fortunately at hand a ready reservoir of experienced talent among the high-ranking colonels of the Regulars. Of them, nineteen were upped to two-star rank and sixty-six to wear one star; the remaining assignments were filled by civilians who were retired West Pointers or who had otherwise known active military service. President McKinley chose wisely in his selection of these new general officers but never more so than when he picked one Joseph Wheeler to be a major general. Wheeler at sixty-one was a thin, bewhiskered, gnomelike little man who stood a bare two inches over five feet in his field boots. His uniform hung on his attenuated frame like a limp flag, but he still had the spirit and energy that had made him a fire-eating leader in the Confederate cavalry where his many escapes from death were attributed by a friend to the fact that "Wheeler never stays still in one place long enough for the Almighty to put his finger on him." His combat exploits in the Civil War had well earned him the nickname of "Fightin' Joe," and now he was about to earn it all over again.

But appointing new generals was less than half the task. There still remained 1,032 Volunteer officer vacancies to be filled from subaltern to colonel, plus 71 second lieutenancies in the Regular Army—these in addition to the members of the West Point class of '98 who had been

graduated and commissioned a month ahead of time. The appointing of the new officers made Secretary Alger's lot anything but happy; as he plaintively noted, "Great and constant was the pressure for appointments. Applicants, by mail and in person, would beg, appeal and demand commissions. Before breakfast, and even after midnight, they besieged the Secretary's residence with a detemination superb in its inflexibility."

One applicant presented as his credentials for a commission a handwritten card with this message: "Sec. of War. Please see Major _____ of the 6th Md. Regt., and give him good arms if possible." It was dated "Oct. 7, 1862" and was signed "A. Lincoln." Another fought his way into the secretary's presence to press his claim on the grounds that he had come all the way from the Pacific coast to get the appointment and was therefore entitled to some consideration. Perhaps the most original of all the arguments offered by a candidate for a commission was that the would-be officer was "a friend of the Prince of Wales." And finally a member of the President's own staff achieved the singular distinction of a commission, a special uniform, and an important assignment, all at the same time. This industrious individual was "Gus" Loeffler, the German doorkeeper at the White House, who announced that he was a captain, and to prove it thereafter appeared at his official duties in a uniform so brilliant and withal so unusual that no one had the nerve to ask him what it was.

But the lists were at last closed with 591 Volunteer ap-

pointees from civil life and a leavening of 441 junior officers of the Regular forces. Now all was ready (or as ready as it ever would be) for the final organization of the Army into the eight corps planned by the War Department. Each corps was to consist of three divisions of three brigades each, with three regiments to a brigade; reception and training areas for these new levies were to be established at thirteen strategic points in the eastern and southern states; and on April 26 Brigadier General Shafter was summoned to Washington from his post at New Orleans, told he would command the V Corps, and ordered to Tampa, Florida, to form it.

Spaniel-eyed William Rufus Shafter, the first white male born in Kalamazoo County, Michigan, was at sixty-three a veteran of thirty-seven years of army service that included the Civil and Indian Wars. He was a holder of the Medal of Honor, and a perfect example of the now-vanished breed of hard-boiled, do-it-yourself Regular. Furthermore, he had no political ambitions, aversions, entanglements, or obligations. He had soldiered in all grades from private up (it was merely just retribution on the militiamen who were so averse to serving in a West Point-commanded army that neither of the two guiding spirits of the Army, Miles and Shafter, had ever been to West Point) and he was profanely proficient in every trick of the trooper's trade. A big man, nearly six feet tall, with big hands and a big head of tousled gray hair, Shafter unfortunately measured almost as much from front to back as he did up and down, and was therefore a source of never-

ending inspiration for the gibing pens and pencils of newspaper reporters and cartoonists. And since he held ruggedly to the belief that his military duties had priority over any consideration of the press—the Army had no Public Relations Section in those unregenerate days—the Shafter 300 pounds and consequent inability to function efficiently in tropic heat became more unpopularly known to the public than the facts warranted.

Before leaving Washington for his new command, General Shafter met with General Miles and the other War Department strategists, and the tactical organization of the V Corps and its unit commanders was determined upon. The 1st Infantry Division, under Brigadier General J. F. Kent, would consist of the 6th and 16th Regular Infantry and the 71st New York Volunteer Infantry in the 1st Brigade, to be commanded by Brigadier General H. S. Hawkins; the 2nd Brigade, under Colonel E. P. Pearson, included the 2nd, 10th, and 21st Regular Infantry, and Colonel C. A. Wikoff's 3rd Brigade would have the 9th, 13th, and 24th Regulars. In the 2nd Infantry Division, commanded by Brigadier General H. W. Lawton the 8th and 22nd Regulars and the 2nd Massachusetts Volunteers would form the 1st Brigade, with Colonel J. J. Van Horn at its head. Colonel Evan Miles (no relation to the general commanding) was picked to head the 2nd Brigade of the 1st, 4th, and 25th Regulars; the 3rd Brigade of the 7th, 12th, and 17th Regulars would be under the redoubtable Brigadier General A. R. Chaffee, who on our western plains had attained army immortality by shouting to his troops

in a skirmish against the Sioux: "Forward! If any man gets killed I'll make him a corporal!"

Major General ("Fightin' Joe") Wheeler would lead the cavalry division, its 1st Brigade of the 3rd, 6th, and 9th Regular regiments commanded by Brigadier General S. S. Sumner. The 2nd Brigade under Brigadier General S. B. M. Young would consist of the 1st and 10th Regulars and the 1st Volunteers. This last outfit was being formed in the West and was rumored to be well worth watching when it arrived in Florida. The rumor proved to be eminently correct.

The 3rd Infantry Division would be later selected from other troops then in Florida or to be supplied from some other camp, depending upon training, supplies and available transport space. The corps was completed with the assignment to it of selected light and heavy artillery units from the 1st, 2nd, and 4th Regular regiments under Major J. W. Dillenback, a battalion of the Corps of Engineers commanded by Lieutenant Colonel G. M. Derby, and a balloon detachment of the Signal Corps with Lieutenant Colonel Frank Greene at its head.

General Shafter was thus given the leadership of some 16,000 rank and file, but as to just where he should lead them no one seemed entirely certain. In general, he was told that no extensive movement to Cuba was in immediate prospect—merely a reconnaissance in force to look the place over and give supplies and moral support to the Cubans in their warfare against Spain. This expedition would take along about 10,000 men, would be convoyed

by the Navy at the earliest practicable date, land somewhere on Cuba's south coast, make contact with the insurgents, stay a few days, and then get back to Tampa. Above all, he was to avoid serious injury to his own forces. Details of this pending foray were conspicuously lacking but to a man of Shafter's phlegmatic temperament they were not of immediate importance. He had been given a job to do, now; what he was to do next would be made clear to him in due course, and then he would do that and again await further orders, all as the Army had taught him. So the general joined his staff officers from New Orleans who were waiting for him at Tampa and true to his field training made the traditional "estimate of the situation," the most pleasing aspect of which to a man of his displacement was the consistent flatness of the adjacent landscape. The fact that he was headed for a foreign locale in which he would be forced to ascend hills—one hill in particular—never occurred to anyone.

III

ASSEMBLY

[APRIL 30–JUNE 14]

WHEN GENERAL SHAFTER established his new V Corps headquarters in Tampa he could have likened his position to that of living on a very small oasis entirely surrounded by sand and soldiers. Within five days after the President had issued his army mobilization order, on April 15, troop trains had begun depositing units of our widely separated Regular forces into the 90-degree Tampa sunshine; from Tampa Heights on the north, Lakeland on the east, St. Petersburg on the west, and Port Tampa on the south, the landscape was daily blossoming with more and more white tents in what was Florida's first real tourist boom.

Thus at last brought together in a complete regimental organization was the 16th Infantry from stations in Idaho and Washington; two forts in Nebraska supplied the 10th Infantry, accompanied by the 1st Cavalry; Madison Barracks in New York sent along the 9th Infantry with the 6th from Fort Thomas, Kentucky, and the 22nd from Fort Crook, Nebraska. And the doughboys of the 13th pulled in from Fort Porter in New York State still talking

of the officer's wife who held up her little boy to see their departure, crying that she was dedicating him to the regiment when he grew up. (It is a matter of record that he did grow up to join the 13th in time for World War I, and shortly thereafter she joined the ranks of the Gold Star Mothers.)

Tampa in 1898 was a neat little city of about 10,000 residents, mostly interested in cigar making except for the Cuban-American population of Ybor City, a straggling outpost very much on the wrong side of the Tampa railroad tracks, where anti-Spanish plotting and spying had supplanted rolling tobacco as the chief industry. There were three banks in Tampa, one theater, gravel roads, wooden sidewalks, a trolley line to Lakeland, and a railroad to the north and south with a single track to Port Tampa. Also there were some general stores, electric lights, a few telephones that seldom gave good service, a telegraph office, and always and everywhere sand. But above all there was the Tampa Bay Hotel.

This unique hostelry, built in 1888 by railroad tycoon Henry B. Plant, could be believed only when actually seen. Designed, it is not known why, in the purest Moorish architecture replete with balconies and mosque-like windows, its red-brick fireproof walls contained close to five hundred rooms on five floors. The building covered six acres to include a gaming casino and a swimming pool; and the whole was topped off with a great silver dome and thirteen silver minarets bearing crescent moons, one for each month of the Moslem year. Just what gainful purpose

this Alhambra-like structure was planned to accomplish in its isolated site was never clear, but it could hardly have been more opportunely provided for use as a general headquarters for our Cuba-bound forces. Into its cavernous public rooms the division and brigade staffs moved their offices; on its wide porches the war correspondents traded rumors with the foreign military attachés, over the floor of its great ballroom the subalterns nightly two-stepped and waltzed with the resident belles. Officers who had not seen each other for years were constantly holding impromptu reunions, and one cavalry general viewing the scene from the comfortable recesses of a veranda rocking chair summed up the consensus of transient opinion when he remarked: "God only knows why Plant ever built this hotel here, but thank God he did!"

No sooner had the new V Corps commander arrived than there arose the question of official seniority of rank, that inescapable and fearsome military specter. According to the old army adage "Rank hath its privileges" but it also has its perplexities, as was apparent as soon as Brigadier General Shafter opened his headquarters in the hotel and discovered that Brigadier General James F. Wade already had *his* headquarters immediately adjacent and was disposed to consider himself in charge. Hurried reference to the *Army Register* disclosed the fact that Shafter's date of rank preceded Wade's, which made Shafter the senior, but this happy (at least to Shafter) solution of the problem lasted only until June 9, when both Shafter and Wade were appointed major generals. This completely reversed

the protocol situation. Army law provides that when two officers are simultaneously promoted to the same rank, precedence is given to that officer whose total length of service is longer. Back in '61 Wade had enlisted two weeks before Shafter, so everyone was right back where he had started. This Gordian knot was adroitly cut by the War Department which forthwith ordered Wade to command the training camp at Chickamauga, leaving his plump rival in supreme and undivided authority in Tampa.

Safely over this high-ranking hurdle, General Shafter found that his multifarious responsibilities included the adjustment of a matter inherited from his predecessor that touched the other extreme of commissioned command, that of a mere second lieutenant. A "shavetail"—unlovely sobriquet for junior officers, derived from the shaven caudal extremities of untrained army mules—was commonly considered the lowest form of animal life. He wore no insignia of rank, was addressed as "mister," stood reveille and similar inconvenient formations in the stead of senior officers, and was not encouraged to think above or beyond the routine duties that came his way. But the 13th Infantry had a second lieutenant who was different. His name was John Henry Parker and for the six years since his graduation from West Point he had made a continuing study of the role of artillery in the close support of infantry in attack. With our post-Civil War adoption of the 3-inch field gun with its longer range and greater versatility in the indirect laying of its fire on unseen targets, it was apparent that artillery would hereafter be positioned

farther back from the infantry zone of combat. This practice Parker felt would deprive the doughboy of much-needed firepower at close quarters. To his active mind there immediately suggested itself as an alternative to orthodox artillery the greater use of the Gatling gun, a weapon recently accepted by the Army in a halfhearted way and about which nobody seemed to know or care very much. Basically the Gatling gun consisted of a cluster of rifle barrels parallel to each other and arranged to revolve about a central axis by turning a crank; in revolving, each barrel was loaded automatically with a regular rifle cartridge which was in turn fired and ejected automatically when the barrel reached its lowest point of revolution. The gun was aimed by swinging it on a pivot much as one aims a garden hose; it could be served by a crew of six to eight men, it was easily pulled by two mules, and it fired 900 shots a minute. It was Parker's firm conviction that a battery of such guns, properly handled, could do considerable damage at comparatively close quarters, and that Cuba would offer an excellent opportunity to prove his theory. Few seemed to share his optimism.

Parker had first presented his idea to the commanding officer of his regiment, and had been laughed to scorn by that crusty old gentleman. "I don't want to hear anything about it," roared the colonel. "I don't believe in it and don't feel like hearing it!" Nothing daunted, the lieutenant next laid his plans before Colonel Arthur MacArthur, who didn't mind listening to new ideas for improving the Army (his son Douglas also would like them and thereby in the

fullness of time become a five-star general). MacArthur promised to present the scheme to General Wade, but before that could happen General Shafter had moved into Wade's office and there the indomitable Parker finally found official approval to form a Gatling gun detachment as an independent command, to report directly to General Shafter, and to be commanded by John Henry Parker, no less.

All headquarters visitors were not so fortunate. The distinguished Colonel Wagner, for instance, reported to Shafter with a small staff and War Department orders to organize a Department of Military Intelligence in the field. But the general was brusquely indifferent to him and his mission and Wagner ended up as a Volunteer staff officer with General Young. In like manner Colonel Frederick Funston of the 20th Kansas Volunteer Infantry was turned from the commander's door. Funston was an ex-soldier of fortune who for two years had fought Spaniards all over Cuba under Garcia and Gomez and had forgotten more about the Cuban terrain, roads, villages, cities, and natives than anyone in Tampa knew. Yet when he called to offer his specialized services to the V Corps he was reminded that he already had a job as leader of his regiment and he had better get back to Kansas and lead it.

But neither Shafter nor the War Department could ignore the rising public clamor that the Army undertake without delay some offensive action to complement Dewey's May 1 naval victory at Manila Bay and show the world that we weren't fooling when we said we'd free

Cuba. The solution of this problem was to be the dispatch of a cargo of arms and ammunition to a rendezvous with Cuban insurrectos at Mariel on the island's north coast, some twenty miles west of Havana.

As approved by Washington, the scenario for this adventure called for E and G Companies of the 1st Infantry to provide chaperonage for the $5 million shipment, under command of Captain J. H. Dorst of the 4th Cavalry with Infantry Captains J. J. O'Connell and M. P. Phister and Lieutenants F. E. Lacey, W. M. Crofton and D. E. Nolan (the Major General D. E. Nolan who was Pershing's intelligence chief in World War I) to help him; six men from the Hospital Corps and three Cuban mounted scouts complete with mounts made up the rest of the passenger manifest. For transport, some Quartermaster Corps officer with no sense of humor had commandeered an ancient sidewheel river steamer from New Orleans with the improbable name of *Gussie*.

Embarkation at Tampa was set with the utmost secrecy for May 9, but the confidential aspects of the scheduled departure were considerably diminished by widespread newspaper announcements of the sailing date, the daylight loading on an open pier of boxes of rifles and cartridges, and the public mustering of the accompanying troops, scouts, and horses. The importance of the undercover motif still further waned when it was announced that five press correspondents would accompany the party—a London *Times* representative, artist R. F. Zogbaum, special feature writer Poultney Bigelow, who twenty years later

would find dubious fame as an intimate of the German Kaiser, and star reporters Stephen Bonsal and J. F. J. Archibald. Frederick Remington sketched the scene from the shore for Hearst's New York *Journal,* the publisher supposedly having admonished him, "You supply the pictures and I'll supply the war." In addition most of Tampa was on hand to bid *Gussie* bon voyage. (The journalists, wise in the ways of the public, pleaded with *Gussie*'s skipper to alter her name to something less risible and more appropriate to her martial mission but he refused on the grounds that nautical tradition assured ill luck to any vessel that changed her identity—as if the name of *Gussie* was not misfortune enough to start with.)

With so much patriotic interest manifest in her departure it was too bad that *Gussie* didn't depart, but something went wrong and it was another twenty-four hours before her frantic crew could persuade the shy craft to waddle forth into the seaway. By that time every Spanish spy in town had had ample opportunity to report the expedition and its object to his home office, and the original crowd of spectators had grown to the proportions of a mob. Then, just to make sure that no one would be deprived of a share in this national secret, two seagoing tugs bearing additional newspapermen appeared to join the convoy.

The ocean was calm, the weather clear, and when once the party got under way everything proceeded in good order and without incident except for the divertissement supplied by an awkward infantryman who stumbled down

a companionway. Such was the impetus of his descent and so ancient was *Gussie*'s deck planking where he descended that he continued on through two decks before he regained his balance. Examination showed that the decks needed more repairs than he did.

As *Gussie* neared her goal on the morning of the 11th, the United States gunboats *Wasp* and *Manning* lent their protective presence to the flotilla, but when the ships hove to off Mariel it was apparent that a quick change of plans was in order. The advance publicity from Tampa showed its results in the flashing heliographs that winked and blinked among the coastal hills heralding *Gussie*'s arrival, followed by menacing demonstrations of Spanish infantry and cavalry along the beach. The Cuban guides were disinterested in disembarking at that particular spot, and the little fleet headed west until the inlet of Cabañas was reached.

Here everything seemed propitious for going ashore, and the landing signal was given. Awkwardly *Gussie* took up her position about a hundred yards off Arbolitis Point at the tiny harbor's entrance; menacingly the *Wasp* and *Manning* swung up on either side of her; expectantly the press boats hovered in the background. A sudden rain-squall then halted proceedings temporarily, but as soon as the sun came out again the landing parties pushed away from *Gussie*'s fat sides and made for the shore amid loud cheers and shouts of "Cuba libre!"

Since they professed to know the channel through the coral reefs, the Cuban guides were put in the first boat,

but their craft upset the minute it got among the breakers and the invading force had to depend more on good luck than good management to accomplish its mission, eventually landing in an extremely moist and irritated condition. Straggling damply up the beach, the troops automatically deployed as skirmishers, and not a moment too soon, for the forbidding wall of jungle that faced them abruptly blazed with a festoon of small-arms fire that marked the position of an enemy outpost. The Americans swung their own rifles into action while the company signalmen frantically wigwagged to the gunboats drifting offshore. As the rattle of the American Krags and Spanish Mausers was echoed by the boom of the guns on the *Wasp* and *Manning* and shells began to explode in the underbrush, the hostile fire slackened and then ceased.

After a final salvo from the gunboats, the horses for the Cuban guides were swum ashore and the guides themselves were persuaded to emerge from the leafy concealment they had sought when the shooting started. With voluble promises of their speedy return accompanied by a large force of fellow-insurgents to land the precious supplies from *Gussie,* the three Cubans cheerily mounted their steeds and galloped off into the jungle trail while the troops on the beach warily waited further developments. There were none.

After three hours of fruitless wondering why the Cuban guides didn't come back, Captain Dorst ordered his men to return to the ship. For two days more *Gussie* wandered forlornly up and down the coast trying to keep her date with her Cuban cavaliers, but to no avail. What happened

to the trio of guides after they left the American landing party nobody knew and nobody knows. They were never seen nor heard from again.

At length, when *Gussie* was subjected to some unusually sharp shelling from a hidden Spanish shore battery, the patience of her long-suffering captain broke. "Don't those fools know one of their shots would go right through my ship?" he complained with naïve petulance. "And they call this Christian warfare!" So saying he sternly swung his helm hard over and *Gussie* paddled her dispirited way back to Tampa. She arrived there on May 16, much as she had left it less than a week before. The Cuban guides were gone with their horses and there was a Mauser slug in Archibald's arm, but the infantry and the correspondents and the two press tugs were unchanged, and down in *Gussie*'s hold were the arms and ammunition for which the Cubans were no doubt still waiting. The only cheering note in this doleful homecoming was supplied by an official order for Captain Dorst's promotion to the rank of lieutenant colonel with an appointment to be the adjutant general for General Wheeler's cavalry division.

Shafter, incensed over *Gussie*'s failure, at once arranged for Dorst to try again a week later with another vessel, and personally ordered every correspondent to keep quiet about it under pain of instant withdrawal of his press privileges. As a result only three papers spread the glad tidings, the expedition succeeded as brilliantly as *Gussie*'s had not, and everybody in Tampa—in or out of the Army—was able to go back to his regular job.

Soon thereafter the first of the Volunteer infantry regi-

ments, the 2nd Massachusetts and 71st New York, arrived and the sand-girt groves of scrub oak and palmettos were daily thronged with pale-faced and paunchy neophytes perspiringly following the leathery Regulars through skirmish drill. With understandable relief the newcomers sent their overcoats home, turned in their cumbersome Merriam packs—complicated knapsacks that had an annoying tendency to throw the wearers off balance backwards—and, again under old-timer tutelage, learned to make blanket rolls. These looked like, and were derisively called, "horse collars" but by putting heavy articles at the ends and nothing in the middle they would ride easily across the shoulders, and gave a most professional martial aspect to the wearers.

In an attempt to keep the Army from overwhelming the local communities with extracurricular attentions, a system of off-duty parentalism was rigidly enforced by the mounted MPs from the 10th Cavalry. The nightly roundups of illicit wanderers in Lakeland and Tampa were a source of continual entertainment to the residents, not unmixed with amazement; to a native Floridian the spectacle of a husky Negro horseman sternly herding a line of reluctant white miscreants into durance vile was incomprehensible. "Son," whispered one town father to a young doughboy, "if any o' these yere darky policemen ever gives yo'all any trouble yo' jest holler an' yo' friends round hyar will come a-runnin' an' take keer o' *him.*'" But nobody ever hollered and cavalry and infantry and artillery lived and worked together in perfect harmony. They played well together too, for the Negro troopers and teamsters taught

the effete Northerners a strange new dice game called "craps," and a good time was had by all.

These were the days and nights before the USO and Red Cross and Salvation Army ministered to the Army's spare-time welfare, but the Army didn't miss them. It was an appalling fact that the neighboring towns were so unmindful of the heavy thirst generated in newcomers by tropic heat that they had exercised their local option of remaining dry against the sale of hard liquor, but the drought was quickly forgotten in the hospitality of the many ice-cream soda parlors bordering the camps whose beverages were soon discovered to contain far more spiritual uplift than their innocuous names of "The General Miles Milk Shake" and "The Shafter Soda" implied. This was particularly apparent on the first payday for the V Corps, which offered a spectacular interlude to the monotony of the regular routine. The ice-cream emporia were instantly cleaned out of all their merchandise — even Scotch, which connoisseurs still considered an unworthy libation because of its turpentine-like taste—lunchrooms sold their entire stocks of edibles at profiteering prices, the Lakeland-Tampa trolley cars were commandeered for the comfort and convenience of the roisterers, and a red-light district sprang into being as soon as the girls could get into Tampa from the surrounding territory. Drills on the following day were not notable for their snap and precision.

And constantly the military population was being swelled by the daily appearance of new outfits until at Port Tampa alone there were thirteen Volunteer regiments in one camp. Although one of these, the 1st District of

Columbia Infantry, furnished some warlike excitement when the mules of its pack train broke out of their corral one night and alerted the countryside to what sounded like a hostile invasion, the expanding martial scene was far from an encouraging one. None of the Volunteer organizations was completely equipped, none was fully armed, and one regiment presented itself for duty minus any kind of uniform, participating in drills and other formations in striking civilian deshabille. The hopefully offered alibi that all missing supplies were in transit helped not a bit, for inspectors found Tampa-bound military freight cars on sidings as far north as Columbia, South Carolina, with no apparent chance of getting them on the clogged tracks in Florida and with no bills of lading to tell what was in which cars.

It was a dark picture but it was considerably brightened by the arrival on June 3 of the ineffable 1st Volunteer Cavalry, earmarked for Wheeler's division. This extraordinary regiment was the first of three authorized by Congress at the behest of the governor of Arizona. They were to be raised completely under federal auspices and "to be composed exclusively of frontiersmen possessing special qualifications as horsemen and marksmen"; the other two regiments never got into any headlines, for under the spell cast by the flamboyant 1st nobody knew they existed, even on paper.

To be colonel of the outfit the War Department appointed Leonard Wood, army contract surgeon from Harvard who had won the Medal of Honor against the Indians and an appointment as White House doctor. His second-

in-command was his intimate and jingoistic fellow collegian, a brash young politico from New York named Theodore Roosevelt, who had resigned his portfolio as assistant secretary of the navy in favor of a lieutenant colonel's rank in the Volunteers. What this duo of dashing characters lacked in formal military education they made up in natural aptitude and enthusiasm, plus wide experience in the rugged frontier life of the Northwest. Within forty-eight hours after receiving their appointments the two officers, with characteristic dash and indifference to established departmental routine, had completed a table of organization for the regiment. With it they submitted requisitions for all the unit's clothing, arms, equipment, rations, and mounts and secured the slightly dazed Alger's authorization for lightweight brown canvas fatigue uniforms instead of the cumbersome blues worn by the rest of the Army, for the Regulars' new Krag-Jörgensen carbines instead of the Springfields issued to the other Volunteers, and finally for the discarding of the time-honored cavalry saber in favor of the Cuban machete for those who craved the added adornment of lethal cutlery.

Major armament was provided for the regiment by two quick-firing guns, the gift of a group of the wealthier troopers, plus a Sims-Dudley pneumatic dynamite gun which had been acquired no one knew quite how but was reported to have been used with great effect by the Cuban guerillas in a brush with Spanish troops the previous August. This weapon shot a brass shell two inches in diameter and about eighteen inches long, carrying a bursting charge of five pounds of nitrogelatine; within a com-

plicated and highly temperamental breech mechanism, the ignition of a small charge of smokeless powder compressed sufficient air to "fire" the projectile from the gun at a muzzle velocity of 600 feet per second. A low trajectory made it necessary to lob the shells to obtain any range at all, and because of their comparatively slow speed they were easily deflected by the wind, making the gun's accuracy somewhat problematical. By the same token, sharp-eyed foes could easily spot the birdlike flight of the projectiles and nullify their destructive effect by spryly taking cover. Such a weapon would hardly seem to be one to inspire confidence in its combat efficiency and predictability, but the Volunteers cheerfully lugged it along anyhow.

The regiment was raised in San Antonio, and over 20,000 applications for enlistment were received as soon as the lists were opened. Among the recruits hand-picked from this number were Texas Rangers and New York cops, the mayor of Prescott, Arizona, and the marshal of Dodge City; five assorted Baptist and Presbyterian ministers; full-blooded Indians from the reservations and army veterans who once had fought them on the warpath. Yale's most famous quarterback, ex-captains of Harvard and Columbia crews, a Princeton tennis champion, and the world's greatest poloist were there too, on a roster whose names ranged from the *Social Register*'s Woodbury Kane and William Tiffany to the antisocial anonymity of Smoky Joe and Rattlesnake Pete.

In rank and file it was a glamorous gang, much given to individualistic interpretation of army regulations and slow to appreciate the need for a certain amount of formal rela-

tionship between officers and enlisted men. Even Roosevelt would at times allow his emotions to get the better of his good sense and on one occasion Wood was obliged to dress down his ebullient lieutenant colonel in front of the other officers, when he found that Roosevelt had treated an entire squadron to beer at a nearby saloon after an especially arduous drill. "Of course," Wood concluded his reprimand, "an officer who would go out with a large batch of enlisted men and drink with them is quite unfit to hold a commission!" The colonel's words could hardly have been harsher, but they gave Roosevelt a chance to show that he could practice the good sportsmanship he preached. Within the hour he sought an interview with his commander. Standing contritely at attention before Wood he proclaimed, "I wish to say, sir, that I agree with what you said. I consider myself the damnedest ass within ten miles of this camp!" But even this frank confessional did not entirely exorcise his penchant for importunate thoughtlessness. A few nights later the Rough Riders' lieutenant colonel was seen giving dinner in the hotel's main dining room to a couple of his sergeants. "It was a bad break," sorrowfully recorded an idolatrous but punctilious observer. "Roosevelt gave the regiment a bad name by that one act which it does not deserve." Such newsworthy anecdotes and related attributes, accomplishments, and characteristics of its unique personnel made the 1st Volunteer Cavalry a reporter's dream. Failing all other sources of news, the regiment could always be depended upon to furnish instant and ample copy for stories and pictures of a romantic, patriotic, humorous, bellicose, swashbuckling, political, or social nature, either

separately or all at once. Small wonder that newsmen exposed to its influence gratefully accorded the not unresponsive regiment the benefit of every doubt and, alert to the attention value of an alliterative alias, gave it the forever memorable—but, in view of Wood's superior rank, inaccurate—nickname of "Roosevelt's Rough Riders."

Shafter meanwhile was beginning to feel the frustration of the fabled individual who was all dressed up with nowhere to go. Here he had an expeditionary force in the last stages of organization and training with a growing fleet of transports waiting for passengers at Port Tampa, but since mid-May there had not been a peep out of Washington as to what he was to do with his troops or where or when.

For two weeks more the War Department continued its sphinxlike silence. Then on the morning of May 26 the general received telegraphic orders to get ready to load 25,000 men on his troopships; further instructions would follow when more definite information was obtained concerning the whereabouts of the elusive Spanish Grand Fleet commanded by Admiral Cervera. He was nervously believed to be on mischief bent somewhere between Cuba and our Atlantic seacoast, but so far undetected by the patrols of our North Atlantic Squadron under Admiral Sampson. Apparently the V Corps was now to be sent somewhere deliberately to seek out and engage the Spaniards in direct combat instead of acting merely as a holding force as originally planned. But still there was no word of whether Cuba or Puerto Rico or even Spain itself would be the ultimate destination.

On May 29 further and somewhat redundant orders

were received emphasizing that General Shafter was to be sure that his expedition would be "composed of the most effective regiments of Regulars and Volunteers." The next day the Navy caught up with Cervera and a wire to Shafter from General Miles swept aside all doubts and conjectures and gave our Cuban campaign its official start: "Two cruisers and two torpedo boats have been seen in the harbor of Santiago. Go with your force to capture garrison at Santiago and assist in capturing the harbor and fleet.... Take any dismounted cavalry that you desire.... Have your command embark as rapidly as possible and telegraph when your expedition will be ready to sail."

This was followed by the arrival in Tampa of General Miles in person—also in a private car accompanied by Mrs. Miles, and their two children, and another telegram, this time from Adjutant General Corbin: "You are directed to take command under convoy of the Navy to the vicinity of Santiago de Cuba.... Capture or destroy the garrison there.... With the aid of the Navy capture or destroy the Spanish fleet.... When will you sail?" Pausing only momentarily to wonder how the War Department expected a land army to encompass the destruction of a hostile fleet of warships, Shafter took hasty stock of the situation and wired back that, while progress was rapid, he could not start before June 4.

It was a wild guess and much too sanguine. Not only were the transports still to be watered and policed and loaded with supplies, but most of the supplies themselves must yet be assembled from widely scattered freight cars that had to be broken open to find whether they contained

uniforms, grain, ammunition, balloon cloth, rations, or any other of the various articles of equipment essential to the task at hand. Late that night Shafter disappointedly reported: "It is not possible to complete embarkation before Monday [June 6] night. . . . I will not delay a minute longer than is necessary. . . . The difficulties in loading cannot be appreciated." To bear him out Miles assured Corbin that "Every effort is being made to bring order out of confusion. . . . War material . . . scattered through hundreds of cars on the sidetracks of the railroads. Notwithstanding these difficulties, expedition will soon be ready to sail."

Impatiently, Secretary Alger then took a hand. "Twenty thousand men," he tartly reminded his general commanding, "ought to be able to unload any number of cars and assort contents. There is much criticism about delay of expedition. Better have a fast ship to bring balance of material needed than delay longer."

Finally, with wearied stevedores dropping asleep in their tracks and despite a dockside collision that put one troopship permanently out of service, the loading of the transports was completed on the morning of June 6 and the troops began to go aboard early on the 7th. In the interim it had been providentially discovered that the original estimate of 27,000 men as the total capacity of the transport fleet was in error. Even when filled with rows of three- and four-tier bunks separated by aisles so narrow that two men could not pass abreast, the passenger ships, freighters, and cattle boats that made up our army flotilla could not possibly hold more than 17,000. The immediate readjustment

of the loading tables eliminated all but eight troops of the Rough Riders and ignored completely the Gatling gun detachment of Lieutenant Parker. In answer to his anguished screams of protest, headquarters curtly told Parker there was no time now to change the orders, but headquarters reckoned without the resourcefulness of that determined young crusader. Rushing over to the office of his close friend, the corps ordnance officer, Parker craftily arranged to have himself appointed officer in charge of the 500,000 rounds of rifle and revolver cartridges that were to go with the expedition, together with a suitable escort of his own selection. By a not-too-odd coincidence, this escort subsequently turned out to be the entire Gatling gun detachment whose equipment naturally included the guns themselves.

Supper was just over at the Tampa Bay Hotel on the evening of June 7 when the city's Western Union operator came up to General Shafter and told him that a wire had been put through from the telegraph office direct to the White House and that President McKinley and Secretary Alger desired instant communication with the corps commander and General Miles. Leaving a wave of excited speculation in their wake, the two generals hastened to the Western Union office, to receive Alger's peremptory order: "General Shafter: You will sail immediately as you are needed at destination." Wearily Shafter replied, "I will sail tomorrow morning. Steam cannot be gotten up earlier. There are loaded one division of infantry, sixteen troops of dismounted cavalry, four light batteries, two batteries

siege artillery and two companies of engineers and troops from Mobile." (These last were the 3rd Infantry, 20th Infantry, and one squadron of the 2nd Cavalry, brought on from the Chickamauga camp to form an independent brigade under Brigadier General J. C. Bates when it was determined that the Volunteer units at Tampa could not furnish enough trained men to complete the V Corps organization. The squadron of the 2nd Cavalry was mounted and was the only mounted command in the campaign.) "I will try to get on the rest of the cavalry and another division of Regular infantry tomorrow morning. Will sail then with whatever I have on board."

Apparently Adjutant General Corbin also was present at the White House, for his acknowledgment was immediate and even more informative: "That you may know the situation the President directs me to send you the following from Sampson: . . . 'Bombarded forts at Santiago 7:30 to 10 AM today June 7. . . . If 10,000 men were here city and fleet would be ours within 48 hours. Every consideration demands immediate Army movement.' . . . He further says that you will sail as indicated in your message but with not less than 10,000 men." To which, lest there be any misunderstanding, the President added: "Information from Sampson says he has practically reduced fortifications and only waits your arrival to occupy Santiago. Time is the essence of the situation. Early departure of first importance." A moment later came Corbin's postscript: "The last thing you do before sailing telegraph roster of regiments."

What followed then was a wild Walpurgis Night of fren-

zied couriers, galloping aides, shouting officers, braying mules, and cursing teamsters. Baggage was packed in the darkness, overloaded carts were pushed through the sand to railroad sidings, rolls were called and recalled to include all laggards returned under escort from the fleshpots of Tampa, and finally the whistles of the first sergeants blew for the troops to form ranks. Realizing that a great many of his personnel were completely unused to coping with a crisis of this sort, Shafter wisely placed on the experienced shoulders of his trusty old-time regimental commanders the responsibility for getting their outfits out of camp in one piece and to the port of embarkation more or less at the appointed time. Nor did they fail him, even though some of their procedures were not entirely orthodox.

A wagon train belonging to the 6th Infantry was appropriated in an unguarded moment by the 9th; a railroad train, destined for the 13th Infantry was taken over by the 71st Volunteers; nothing daunted, the 13th discovered a wood-burning engine and some vacant cattle cars in which they rode triumphantly to the dock. The 1st Volunteer Cavalry, having been ordered to march to two different loading tracks in succession and not finding a train at either one, grabbed a string of empty coal cars and rolled into Port Tampa with the cowboys yipping and the collegiate bloc chanting in true cheering section style:

Rough, tough, we're the stuff;
We want to fight, and we can't get enough!

This boyish exuberance was rudely dampened when the

dismounted status of the Rough Riders was remarked by their fellows, who joyously revised their nickname to "Wood's Weary Walkers."

On the dock there was an even madder medley of trains unloading troops wherever they chanced to stop, of troops trying to find the transports to which they were assigned, and the transports themselves setting up a monumental marine traffic jam as they attempted to force their way ahead of each other to the one dock. The situation finally became so bad that when Colonel Wood of the Rough Riders reported the arrival of his regiment to the embarkation officer, that worthy said in despair, "Take any ship that's not already assigned. There's one coming in now—you can go on her if you get her!" Leaping into a launch Wood boarded the transport in midstream while Roosevelt got the regiment lined up to receive her. As she was warped into position the troopers swarmed aboard and when the 71st Infantry—to whom the ship had been officially assigned—came along to claim her, they were greeted with volleys of coal from the bunkers.

They were greeted also by Colonel Roosevelt, who leaned over the ship's rail to shout to Captain A. J. Bleecker, in command of the 71st's leading company. "Hello, what can I do for you?"

"That's our ship!" answered Bleecker, somewhat heatedly.

"Well," smirked Roosevelt, "we seem to have it, don't we?"

Further argument appeared pointless, so Colonel Wal-

lace A. Downs of the 71st decided to take the same direct action that had proved so successful for the Rough Riders. Glimpsing the steamer *Vigilancia* which he knew to be the newest and finest of the Ward Line fleet, cautiously feeling her way up the channel, he hurriedly rented a small boat and in it dispatched Lieutenant Colonel Smith and a detail of twelve men to inform the *Vigilancia*'s captain that he must proceed without delay to the dock and there take on the 71st. Since no one had orders to the contrary, the plan worked perfectly.

It took all day to complete the loading of men, horses, and supplies but by four o'clock in the afternoon of the 8th everything seemed as ready as it ever would be and the ships began to drop down the bay while a crowd of exhausted dockworkers weakly cheered them from the pier head. As the headquarters ship *Seguranca* slipped away from her moorings General Shafter and his staff fell wearily into their bunks to start catching up on the forty-eight hours they had been without sleep, but Washington had other ideas. Racing across the harbor, a wildly whistling tug halted the *Seguranca* and Shafter's aide-de-camp, Lieutenant J. D. Miley, was awakened to receive an urgent telegram brought by the tug for the general. When he read it, Miley lost no time in waking Lieutenant Colonel E. J. McClernand, the adjutant general and acting chief of staff of the corps, and reading it to him: "Wait until you get further orders before you sail. Answer quick. R. A. Alger, Secretary of War." Whatever bonds of slumber still held McClernand vanished at once, and he directed Miley

to take the message immediately to Shafter; he would follow as soon as he could get his clothes on. Miley seemed hesitant about disturbing his chief but departed on his errand, to return almost at once with word that Shafter had said he would attend to the matter in the morning. Realizing that the general could not have been fully awake when he spoke to his aide, McClernand sped to Shafter's stateroom and fearlessly shook him by the shoulder, waving the message blank before him and shouting, "Here, general, this must be attended to at once!" Sleepily Shafter sat up and read the wire. "Good God!" he bellowed, leaping from his bunk, "I should say so!" Routing out the rest of the sorely tried staff, orders were dispatched by messengers and signals to the other ships in the convoy to anchor where they were or return to the dock, and the War Department was reassured: "Message received. Vessels are in the stream but will be able to stop them before reaching Gulf."

A trio of small U.S. Navy vessels near Cuba had been mistaken by two other American ships for members of Cervera's fleet still on the loose, and on the request of the secretary of the navy the sailing of the transports from Tampa had been halted until the mistake in identity was corrected. This took a week, during which the transports lay idle in the blazing, breezeless heat of Tampa Bay, while the troops were given landing drills in the ships' boats and occasional shore liberty on Port Tampa's "Last Chance Street" the one and only thoroughfare of the town where were clustered the purveyors of whisky and women to

those voyagers who yearned for a last chance at such commodities before departing.

Further advantage was taken of the delay to embark additional troops to the ultimate limit—and a bit more—of the carrying capacity of the troopships, as well as to load a consignment of medical supplies which were discovered lying forgotten on the dock. And opportunity was also given for the night delivery on June 11 of a telegram to the *Saratoga,* carrying the 13th Infantry. This filled everyone with dire forebodings of still further trouble for the expedition but turned out to be merely an innocent personal message for the regiment's Second Lieutenant Paul B. Malone from his wife: "Ten-pound boy born July 10. Will be called Paul Bernard Malone, Jr., and will go to West Point I hope." (He was and he did.)

On June 14 the Navy decided that all was well, and the convoy could start. Anchor winches began to grind, gongs clanged, engines throbbed, the largest building on Last Chance Street burst into flame as if in parting salute, and one by one the thirty-two transports crowded with a conglomerate cargo of 819 officers, 15,058 enlisted men, 30 civilian clerks, 272 teamsters, 107 stevedores, 952 horses, and, 1,336 mules in the largest armed force that had ever left our shores slowly swung into their appointed places in column and steamed off into the tropic night.

IV

FORWARD—MARCH!

[JULY 14–JULY 31]

GLIDING SLOWLY DOWN past the Dry Tortugas and then circling north of Cuba and through the Windward Passage to the Caribbean Sea, the transport fleet of the V Corps offered a spectacle unique in the annals of armed convoys.

The Navy, riding herd on the flotilla front and rear and on both sides, had published strict orders on the formation and speed to be kept by the transports: the ships to sail in three divisions of three columns each; columns to be 1,000 yards apart, with 400 yards between divisions. No lights would be shown at night except one small guide light in a soapbox on the stern of each vessel so shielded that it was visible only from the ship immediately following, and there was to be no smoking on deck after dark.

The speed was never better than seven knots and frequently was much less, dropping often to four knots and occasionally to nothing at all, thanks to the vagaries of a tank ship filled with water for the troops which was being towed and naturally set the pace for the rest of the squad-

ron. Also to be reckoned with were the unpredictable actions of the civilian transport captains. They had come with the ships when chartered by the government from commercial steamship lines, and their attitude throughout seemed to be one of airy indifference to any responsibility of duty except that of putting their own convenience and the safety of their ships before such minor considerations as doing properly the job for which they had been hired. As a result the ordered formations were uneven and at times nonexistent, the ships spread out or lagging behind as their skippers followed courses of their own devising or tried to save coal for their owners. At one point the transports in the third division were completely out of touch with the remainder of the fleet for fourteen hours, and not even the escort ships knew whether the errant steamers had followed the example of the expedition's seagoing tug *Captain Sam,* which deserted on the first day out, or if they had been captured or sunk by the Spaniards.

Fourth in line in the right-hand column of this vagrant armada was the flagship *Seguranca,* whose passenger list sedulously preserved the hectic atmosphere of the Tampa Bay Hotel from which it had embarked in toto. Besides General Shafter and his staff, there were the War Department's Inspector General Breckenbridge and his staff, the divisional commanders and *their* staffs, and foreign military attachés from Russia, France, Great Britain, Germany, Norway and Sweden, and Austria-Hungary. Also among those present was a collection of Cuban generals, plus 500 men of the 1st Infantry and assorted clerks, stenographers,

waiters, orderlies, and couriers. Seven top-ranking war correspondents completed the roster headed by the ubiquitous Richard Harding Davis, without whose presence no contemporary war could be considered official. (His self-assumption of the role of a journalistic *beau sabreur* had earned him the sobriquet of "Richard the Lion Harding" among his fellow-craftsmen.) Billeted among the other ships were 82 additional newsmen, including Sylvester Scovil, whose pro-Cuban reports had caused Spain to put a price on his head, the famed travel-lecturer Dwight Elmendorf, and Burr McIntosh, who combined in his gigantic frame the talents of actor, writer, and photographer. Another great lensman, "Jimmie" Hare, also was of the party, as was J. Stuart Blackton representing something called the Vitagraph Company and jealously guarding a mysterious box which he said would take pictures that moved.

Just why the Spaniards did not make some attempt to blast the convoy will always remain a mystery, for the far-flung troopships dawdling along almost within hailing distance of the Cuban coast would have been sitting ducks for the swift Spanish torpedo boats which were known to be plentiful in those waters. But nothing of the sort happened; the Spaniards' only concession to the exigencies of war was to darken the Cuban lighthouses, and the American expedition continued unhampered on its complacent way. One of the two steam lighters which were to ferry the troops ashore when a landing was made broke down and had to be abandoned, but that was a mere detail; the weather con-

tinued clear, the sea calm, and the nights peacefully beautiful under the Southern Cross. Everyone agreed with the general who said, "This must be God Almighty's war and we are only His agents."

This carefree, happy-go-lucky spirit found ready acceptance by the troops and helped them to forget the shipboard trials they were obliged to endure. Most of the transports were overcrowded—the *Cherokee,* for example, had a commercial license to carry 570 passengers but actually had 1,046 on board, the *Rio Grande* was so jammed that 120 troopers of the cavalry division headquarters had to sleep on deck, and on the converted cattle boat *Miami* 1,200 men of the 6th Infantry and 9th Cavalry were squeezed into three-tiered bunks under an eight-foot ceiling with two men per bunk and two small air ports for ventilation. With inadequate sanitary conditions, stale water that smelled and tasted like a frog pond, and badly prepared food, it was remarkable that typhoid, trench mouth, and gastroenteritis didn't destroy the expedition as the Spaniards had so signally failed to do, but no one died or was seriously ill during the entire voyage. Some of the men bought water and leftovers from the special menus enjoyed by the ships' crews and one talented infantry private stuffed himself regularly at the engineers' mess on the *Vigilancia* in payment for drawing portraits of the ship's engineer and his assistants, but for the most part the soldiers took their troubles in stride and conscientiously tried to make the best of a bad job. There was plenty of opportunity for bunk fatigue, even if the bunk was a hard deck;

there were continuing seminars devoted to experimentation with the laws of probability as offered in the newly popular game of craps, and for nature lovers there were flying fish and an occasional waterspout and the verdant shoreline of Cuba to watch. Morning and evening concerts by the regimental bands, group singing—a prime favorite, which became the campaign's theme song, was "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight"—frequently in company with the troops on nearby transports, and at night the ships' running lights shining across the water in defiance of naval regulations, all pleasantly contributed to the happy illusion of living in a floating amusement park. And fresh at least every hour were the rumors which in each instance could be counted upon to be absolutely authentic.

The debarkation, it was said on the highest authority, would take place near Havana, which city would then be captured by a head-on assault; from equally lofty, if indefinite, sources it was reported that Havana would be taken from the rear following a forced march across the island. On the other hand, Santiago would be occupied by the Army after it had capitulated to the Navy, since it was reported that the heavily fortified hills surrounding the city, notably one called San Juan (oddly pronounced "San Whan"), made a land attack impossible. Finally, the troops would not go for Cuba at all but, after fooling the Spaniards into thinking so, would sheer off and make for Puerto Rico. But on the morning of the 20th all doubts were dispelled and all debates settled. The shadows on the decks

swung around, the trade wind that for so long had been blowing from dead ahead seemed to shift its direction 180 degrees, and everyone knew Santiago was the next stop.

As the rugged peaks of the Sierra Maestra range began to take form through the morning mist the convoy was halted to receive Captain Chadwick, Admiral Sampson's chief of staff, who arrived on a dispatch boat to escort Shafter to the admiral, waiting with his blockading fleet directly in front of the entrance to Santiago Harbor. The rendezvous was reached at noon and Sampson was rowed over from his flagship *New York,* to the accompaniment of loud cheers exchanged between the crews of the warships and the soldiers on the transports.

At the admiral's suggestion the *Seguranca* steamed slowly east and then west along the coast to give Shafter a good look at the terrain over which he might expect to operate, the general then landing for a conference with the Cuban General Garcia in the hills near the coastal hamlet of Aserraderos, twenty miles west of Santiago. (When Garcia had visited the *New York* to welcome Admiral Sampson, he was so thoroughly seasick that he insisted the next meeting be held on terra firma.) The Navy longboats bringing ashore the American party of thirty navy and army officers, foreign attachés, and correspondents were rapturously received by a welcoming committee of natives who rushed into the surf and literally carried boats and passengers to the beach. Garcia's camp was inland about a mile, most of it straight up, so Shafter was helped to the back of a mule somewhat tactlessly guaranteed by the

Cubans to be "stouthearted," and the party set off into the hills.

The tripartite meeting between Garcia, Sampson, and Shafter was most cordial. It was Sampson's desire that the Army storm the shore batteries at Morro Castle and Socapa on either side of the narrow mouth of Santiago Harbor while the Navy shelled the Spanish fleet within it, but he readily agreed to accept Shafter's idea, in which Garcia concurred, to establish beachheads southeast of Santiago and then work across country to attack the city from the land side. At the meeting's termination General Shafter's plan was approved in written form by all present, and published in official orders the following morning.

Following these directions, the Navy would open proceedings early on the 22nd day by bombarding the shore villages of Daiquiri, Siboney, Cabañas and Aguadores, hoping to persuade the enemy into the belief that landings would be made at all four points. Taking advantage of the bewilderment which it was hoped this feint would cause among the Dons' high command, the actual debarkation would take place at Daiquiri, where a pier of the Juragua Iron Company and a small beach were reported to offer landing facilities of a sort. The first contingent to go ashore would be the 2nd Division plus the Gatling gun detachment, followed in order by Bates' Independent Brigade, "Fightin' Joe" Wheeler's dismounted cavalrymen, and the 1st Division. The light and heavy artillery units were to get off last of all unless they were sooner needed to counteract unusually heavy opposition from the 300 Spaniards sup-

posed to be in the vicinity. From Daiquiri the corps would push on west along the coast some seven miles to Siboney, capture it, and then set off on the final drive to Santiago, twelve miles across the hills. All men would carry three days' rations in their haversacks, full canteens, blanket rolls, and a hundred rounds of ammunition; officers were cautioned to enforce the most rigid fire discipline.

Shafter was fully aware that neither he nor any of his staff really knew very much about Cuba; the data on local conditions which he received from his Cuban confreres were on the vague side, and—this being prior to the popularity of the rum cocktail—Daiquiri was so unfamiliar a name that it was frequently spelled Baiquiri. He was assured that not less than 20,000 hostiles in and around Santiago were determined to dissuade him from capturing the city. He had perforce listened to the foreign attachés on his headquarters ship gloomily foretelling disaster to his expedition, and he was quite familiar with the misfortune that had befallen the only other foreign force ever to invade Cuba—the British expedition of 1741 under that Lord Vernon who would give his name to George Washington's Virginia estate, and which had succumbed to tropic disease and exhaustion when only sixteen miles from Santiago. But the general was convinced that the thing to do if he expected to attain his objective was to go ahead as fast and as continuously as possible. He knew that his unacclimated troops would probably be prostrated with yellow fever and kindred ills in four or five weeks and he was determined to make the success of his campaign a question

of the brawn and strength of the American Army against the disease and death which lurked in the jungle. As he remarked later, "If I could get to Santiago before the men gave out, well and good. If not, we were gone. I decided to rush it, and I did rush it."

The final orders for the landing operation were announced at a council of war on the *Seguranca* late that afternoon. The wind had come up and the rising sea scattered the more timorous of the troopships but the Navy was able to corral most of them, and nearly all the general officers were present to receive their commander's personal briefing. The instructions for the absentees were delivered to their transports during the night, an evening which was marked on the Rough Riders' calendar by the ceremonial drinking of a special toast at the officers' mess: "To the Officers—May they get killed, wounded or promoted!"

At daybreak on the 22nd the transports began to come in toward Daiquiri, where several fires could be seen burning, apparently started by the resident Spanish outpost. Navy launches towing long lines of small boats behind them made fast to the troopships and at nine o'clock Lawton's men began to go over the sides of the *Concho, Iroquois, Leona, Manteo,* and *Miller,* cheering vociferously as they left their noisome "prison hulks." The troops followed no prescribed procedure in boarding their landing craft. Shafter trusted his opinion that "every man in the command knew enough to get himself into a boat and go ashore" and, despite rolling seas that called for precise

timing in jumping from the transports into the shore ferries, everyone was safely boated by 9:40 and the cruiser *New Orleans* hoisted the "blue peter" as a signal for the bombardment to start. For the next half hour Daiquiri received the undivided attention of the naval gunners, echoed by the ships farther up the coast. Shafter then ordered the blue peter displayed on the *Seguranca* for the firing to stop and the landing parties to head for the shore. The invasion was on.

The first boats made for the iron company's pier to unload their passengers but when they reached it they found it afforded anything but an easy landing point. The ground swells surged viciously against the pilings and it was only when the boats were lifted on the crests of the waves that the heavily laden troops were able to grab the wooden stringpieces and scramble onto such safety as the pier afforded. Not that it afforded much, for most of the planking had long since rotted away, and it was necessary to pick a path to shore carefully across broken and missing timbers.

Seeing what was happening to the leading boats, the coxswains of those following steered for the beach, generally arriving there in a welter of foaming breakers, half-drowned doughboys, and inspired profanity. Several of the boats were smashed like eggshells in the surf or against the dock but of the 6,000 men landed that day only Corporal Cobb and Private English of the 10th Cavalry were casualties. These two unfortunates slipped into the water between their landing boat and the pier and drowned at once, despite the heroic efforts of Captain "Bucky" O'Neill

of the Rough Riders, who dove in fully clothed to try to save them.

The beaching of the horses and mules followed a simpler pattern. They were merely pushed into the water through the open cargo ports of the ships. Although a few stubbornly swam out to sea to become shark bait, and Rain-in-the-Face, one of Roosevelt's two chargers, was drowned in the breakers, most of the four-footed members of the expedition made it safely to shore, guided there by the cavalry bugle calls a trumpeter was inspired to blow at the water's edge.

Everyone, especially those who had formed the landing party of the *Gussie* expedition, fully expected that the Spaniards in Daiquiri would welcome their American visitors with a repellent volley, for the incoming boats offered a wide-open invitation for a major disaster. But even before the naval bombardment the Castilian forces had apparently withdrawn for parts unknown, first setting fire to some railroad sheds and leaving behind them as the sole reminder of Spanish occupancy the inevitable little blockhouse perched on the crest of a lofty hill overlooking the beach and flying the Spanish flag. So, to climax the landing properly and make it official, Captain J. J. Crittenden of B Company, 22nd Infantry, scaled the heights with four men, lowered the gold and blood-red banner to the ground over which it had floated for three hundred years, and in its stead raised the stars and stripes. Men cheered and waved their rifles overhead, whistles tooted, bells clanged, bugles blared and, standing watchfully on the bridge of

the *Seguranca,* Shafter felt that his hastily organized invasion was off to a pretty good start.

Only a couple of untoward incidents had occurred to break the not too uneven tenor of the day's program. To begin with, as the general was observing the assembling of the small invasion boats, there had approached him, bravely attired in what the well-dressed war correspondent would wear—gray fedora, white puggree, white shirt with stiff collar and cuffs, blue coat, white trousers, field boots and crossbelts supporting camera, binoculars and notebook—the urbane Richard Harding Davis. "General," he diffidently remarked, "I see the order for disembarkation directs that none but fighting men be allowed in the first boats of the landing party. This will keep back reporters."

Burdened with concern over more important matters, Shafter nevertheless took time out to assure Davis that this indicated no antireporter sentiment. Rather, he patiently explained, it was due to his desire to provide his troops with as much firepower as possible in their initial assault for the benefit of the Spaniards, if any, who might be disposed to dispute the approach of the Americans. Davis, whose standards of deference due to one of his literary pedigree did not include rebuffs however courteously offered, persisted in his arguments. "I am not an ordinary reporter," he blandly explained. "I am a descriptive writer."

Shafter was, at times, known to lose a notoriously quick temper, and this was one of the times. "I don't give a damn what you are!" he exploded. "I'll treat all of you alike!" Davis, considering himself insulted, haughtily withdrew

and from then on lost no chance to pillory the outspoken V Corps commander in his dispatches, to a point where Shafter's public and official reputation was permanently injured. But at the time the Davis aplomb was so shaken that he went to sulk in his cabin and so was left behind when the boat finally allotted to the *Seguranca* correspondents shoved off for shore. Stephen Bonsal noted Davis's absence and had the boat put back to the ship for him, and that made Davis madder than ever. Probably he would have felt even more aggrieved if he had known that his colleague Burr McIntosh had already beaten him to shore from the *Matteawan*. McIntosh tried to stow away in one of the troop longboats but his six feet and two hundred fifty pounds were not designed for hiding, and he was incontinently ordered back on board the transport. Quickly shedding his clothes, McIntosh wrapped them around his camera and handed them with a greenback to a sergeant just entering a landing craft. Then he dove overboard, grabbed a towline from the noncom's boat, and when all had landed he retrieved his belongings—he was the first correspondent on Cuban sand.

Following hard on the annoyance of the distraction offered by Mr. Davis, the Gatling gun detachment next claimed Shafter's special attention by getting itself into a landing jam without even leaving the deck of its transport. Sharing the *Cherokee* with the 12th and 17th Infantry, the machine gunners were scheduled to follow them ashore in support of Wheeler's cavalry as ordered, but no sooner had the doughboys left the vessel than her captain inexpli-

cably put out to sea without waiting to discharge the rest of his passengers. Frantically protesting this eccentric and unexplained behavior, Lieutenant Parker finally persuaded the *Cherokee*'s master to return to the rest of the fleet and lie to alongside the *Seguranca* so that Parker could megaphone his troubles to Shafter. The general didn't need a megaphone to make himself understood that the transport captain would see to it that the Gatling guns were disembarked the first thing the following morning. Then the *Cherokee* backed off and the general turned his attention to a comforting report from shore that reconnaissance of the beach area had disclosed only some abandoned rifle pits, a few natives wounded by naval shells, and 8,000 Mauser cartridges. There was in addition a goat which was adopted as a mascot by I Company of the 2nd Massachusetts Volunteers, and an unfinished letter from an overconfident Spanish officer to his superior assuring the latter that "I am abundantly able to resist any attack at Daiquiri, either by land or sea." But of the Spanish defenders themselves there was not a trace, and the 500 or so Cuban troops who now marched in to reinforce the American advance announced that the Spaniards had also evacuated Siboney that morning, before the Navy shelled it. This fortuitous circumstance offered a golden opportunity to Shafter to acquire a sound defensive position and a good landing site seven miles nearer Santiago, and he lost no time in taking advantage of it. Within minutes a dispatch boat was speeding shoreward with a courier bearing the following order:

"*Brigadier General H. W. Lawton, USV. or Senior Offi-*

cer at the Front: . . . There were only about 200 troops at Siboney this morning and they left at the first discharge. . . . Push down a strong force, about two regiments, and occupy the crossing of the railroad at that place with the main road to Santiago. . . . If they meet with no opposition they should go into camp, intrench and remain there."

Lawton at once got the 1st and 2nd Brigades of his 2nd Division on the road—it was hardly more than a trail—and kept moving until nightfall. Reveille was at daybreak and, despite a few scattered shots from the hills on the right, the American column entered Siboney unhindered shortly after eight o'clock in the morning, rejoicing to find that the retreating Spaniards had left behind them their breakfasts of coffee and tortillas still cooking over the campfires. Also discovered were several casks of wine and six slightly damaged railroad engines; a strong guard was at once placed around the former, and the latter were given over to Lieutenant O. R. Wolfe, E Company, 22nd Infantry, who had had experience in railroad work. With the help of some mechanics from his company, the lieutenant finally succeeded in putting one of the engines into working condition and late that afternoon got up steam and went rocketing gaily down the track to the water tank, whistle blowing and the onlookers cheering. A prominent noncheerer was Wolfe's regimental commander, Lieutenant Colonel Patterson, who not only asked the exuberant youngster what the hell he meant by making so damn much noise but permanently removed him from all further connection with local transportation activities.

The report of Lawton's success at Siboney came to Shafter at a most opportune time. The increasing roughness of the sea had made it necessary to call off all landing operations at Daiquiri the previous afternoon before the 1st Division could get ashore, so he hastily ordered the remaining transports to proceed to Siboney and there unload. At the same time he told Wheeler to follow Lawton overland with General Young and his 2nd Cavalry Brigade of the 1st and 10th Regulars and 1st Volunteers, leaving General Sumner and his 1st Brigade behind at Daiquiri to supervise the landing and transportation of the rest of the supplies. The cavalry reached Siboney around eight that evening, all the transport troops had landed by midnight, and rank and file were getting acquainted with the Cuban troops who were on hand ostensibly as reinforcements and guides for the invaders.

It was the American soldier's first introduction to his Cuban allies en masse, and while the Cubans were unfeignedly happy to meet the *yanquis* it cannot truthfully be said that the pleasure was mutual. "Ragged," "half-starved," "inadequately armed," "not merely dirty but filthy" were among the mildest opinions of the blue-clad troops for these new brothers-in-arms, the catalogue of whose martial and personal shortcomings would in due course be supplemented by such entries as "lying," "treacherous," "worthless," and "capable of stealing anything on which the owner is not sitting at the time and guarding with a gun." Later that night, when a body of yelling Cuban officers galloped through the beach bivouac of the

1st Division, scattering the ashes of the campfires over the sleeping troops, the popular esteem of the *insurrectos* still further lessened.

Meanwhile, back at Daiquiri, General Shafter and the Gatling gun detachment were once more experiencing their communal difficulties, which were rapidly assuming the proportions of an old army custom. When on the morning of the 24th Lieutenant Parker had sought a lighter to ferry his guns to the beach he found that no such vessels were available, so he had the bright idea of floating them ashore on bridge pontoons borrowed from the engineers. But he had failed to reckon with the young officer in charge of such equipment. That callow youth, one of West Point's "premature births" whose class had been graduated ahead of time from the Military Academy to meet the Army's emergency demand for junior officers and who felt his new importance keenly, refused to part with his pontoons on the ground that they might be smashed in the surf. During the ensuing debate Shafter noticed that the *Cherokee* was conspicuously evincing no signs of unloading anything and anxiously wigwagged to Parker, "Have the Gatlings been landed?" Parker replied, "No, may I use pontoons?" and only after the general had answered "Use pontoons and get off immediately" were the boats reluctantly relinquished to him.

At this point General Sumner in his role of supply officer appeared on the scene and threw the situation further out of line by ordering the *Cherokee* out to sea so that one of his own provision ships could get in to the dock. Not at

all blinded by the brilliance of the cavalryman's stars Parker loudly quoted General Shafter's orders, whereupon the stripling engineer even more loudly reiterated his opinion that the pontoons might get smashed in the landing process. This was too much for the Gatling gun commander. "Dammit!" he yelled. "What the hell are the boats made for if not to be used and maybe smashed?" The engineer had no answer for that but Sumner had. He peremptorily ordered Parker back on board the *Cherokee* and the *Cherokee* back into the offing, but Parker was far from through. Once more that night he reported his latest failure to General Shafter and the next morning (the 25th) the general specifically and directly ordered the pontoons to take the Gatlings to the beach, and personally came around in his launch to see that they did it.

They did it by three o'clock that afternoon, and at long last the sorely tried detachment was on the trail to Siboney, hurrying to make up for lost time.

They didn't know it then, but they were already late for one engagement.

V

COMMENCE FIRING

[JUNE 24–JUNE 31]

GENERAL SHAFTER'S PLAN for providing full security for the final completion of the disembarkation of troops and supplies at Daiquiri and Siboney called for the 2nd Division of General Lawton to take a position a short distance beyond Siboney on the Santiago road, Kent's 1st Division to establish itself nearer Siboney with Wheeler on the Daiquiri-Siboney road, and Bates's Independent Brigade to act in support of Lawton.

But Wheeler had other ideas. When the fiery little ex-Confederate reached Siboney on the afternoon of the 23rd, he found two messages awaiting him. One was from the Cuban commander Castillo, telling him that a force of some 2,000 Spanish infantry and guerrillas with two Krupp rapid-fire guns were strongly entrenched on a ridge three miles northwest of Siboney on the direct road to Santiago, and promising Wheeler the services of 800 of his own troops in whatever aggressive action was planned. The other message was a letter from Shafter's office enclosing a

copy of his directive of the 22nd addressed to Lawton "*or Senior Officer at the Front,*" directly authorizing Wheeler to add Wood's regiment to the Siboney force and at the same time "have two or three companies patrol the road from that place to the junction of the main road from Daiquiri to Santiago."

Inasmuch as Wheeler was a major general and Lawton a brigadier, Wheeler was indubitably the "Senior Officer at the Front" and as such proceeded to read into Shafter's original order of the 22nd rather more latitude of action than that strictly orthodox strategist had intended. Restudying the Lawton communication that if the troops pushing along the Santiago road "meet with no opposition, they should go into camp, intrench and remain there" and reasoning that the only way to ascertain if they were to meet with opposition was to find out where and what that opposition might be, Wheeler decided to attack the troops reported by Castillo and designated Young's brigade for the job. As a possible afterthought, he felt that enemy troops near to Siboney constituted a risk to further debarkation at that beach; the fact that by the evening of the 23rd nearly all troops were safely on shore no doubt seemed comparatively immaterial to the combat-minded commander. True, he had at the best only a vague idea of the nature of the local terrain and the enemy it contained from the information supplied by Castillo, and his own men were short on sleep and food and long on the fatigue of their two weeks' confinement on the transports.

But he had not been known as Fightin' Joe Wheeler, the Confederate nemesis of the Union cavalry, for nothing, so at daylight on the 24th his men moved out.

From Siboney the Santiago road ran north through a jungle valley for about two and a half miles, then turning to the west and ascending a 300-foot slope to a gap in the ridge of hills that overlooked the sea. At this point, about two miles in front of the dilapidated hamlet of Sevilla, the road was joined by a trail which ran along the crest of the ridge from Siboney; because of a clump of lofty guasima trees which marked this juncture, it was called Las Guasimas. Following Wheeler's instructions, Young formed his brigade in two columns. The right-hand column, taking the valley trail, was made up of A, B, G and K Troops of the 1st Cavalry and A, B, E and I Troops of the 10th (Negro) Cavalry plus that regiment's four Hotchkiss mountain guns. The left-hand column, going via the Santiago road, was composed solely of the 1st Volunteer Cavalry with its Colt rapid-fire guns and the only two newspaper correspondents alert enough to fall in with the troops—Edward Marshall, unduly conspicuous in a white linen coat, and Richard Harding Davis. Young was in command of the Regulars and Wood of the Volunteers; their combined forces totaled slightly less than a thousand men. High hopes had been held that the Volunteers would put their dynamite gun into action but they were deprived of this privilege because of a shortage of mule power to move it, and when this had been corrected the startling discovery was made that no one had thought

to bring along any harness to fit the mules to the gun carriage.

Once started, the two columns soon lost sight of each other; they were on parallel routes less than half a mile apart, but the impenetrable tangle of jungle trees, vines, grass and bushes—especially the wicked "Spanish bayonet," whose sharp spikes could slit a trouser leg and its contents like a knife—made visual contact impossible.

About 7:30 o'clock Young's column was halted in mass in an open glade and while the men rested the division adjutant, Captain A. L. Mills, and two troopers went forward on a scouting patrol which immediately discovered the enemy snugly ensconced behind stone breastworks flanked by blockhouses on a high ridge slightly to the left of Young's front, and separated by a deep ravine from the trail along which the Rough Riders were proceeding. These breastworks were formed in an obtuse angle, the salient toward the converging American forces, the entire position completely commanding the road and valley trail. General Young, mounted on a mule, made a personal reconnaissance of the situation; he then deployed the 1st Cavalry on both sides of the road with the 10th in reserve, ordered the Hotchkiss battery into a concealed location about nine hundred yards back, sent a Cuban scout to try to make his way across the valley to warn Wood of what lay ahead of him, and sat back to wait until he felt that the Rough Riders had a chance to get themselves organized for attack.

About twenty minutes after he had left Siboney, Wood

ordered Captain Allyn Capron, Jr., and L Troop (Capron Sr. commanded E Battery of the 1st Artillery) forward as an advance guard, he in turn sending out a point of Sergeants John Byrne and Hamilton Fish with five picked men; the rest of the squadron followed in single file a hundred yards in the rear. The march had continued for an hour or more, with short stops for rest, when Capron was seen returning along the trail; Wood halted the column at the top of a slight rise and rode forward to meet him. There were a few brief moments of conversation between the two; then Wood said to Roosevelt, who was standing at his side, "Pass the word back to keep silence in the ranks," and again walked back along the trail with Capron. Both officers were almost at once swallowed by the jungle and the troopers of the advance guard knelt with their carbines at the ready, trying anxiously to peer through the underbrush. The rest of the column sat unconcernedly on the sides of the trail under whatever shade there was, fanning themselves with their hats and discussing with languid interest such inconsequential topics as the possible revenue to be derived from saloonkeeping as against that received from cowpunching. The colonel had led them a smart pace from Siboney and they were grateful for this chance to obey orders to do nothing. Wood and Capron were gone about ten minutes and when they reappeared it was apparent that they were in a hurry to start moving. Roosevelt, however, was indifferent to his chief's preoccupation. Walking up to Wood as the latter approached the troops, he saluted and said, "Colonel, the

doctor reports that the pace is too fast for the men, and that over fifty have fallen out from exhaustion."

Almost brushing Roosevelt aside, Wood brusquely replied, "I have no time to bother now with sick men." But his lieutenant colonel was not to be denied. Stiffening, Roosevelt answered, "Sir, I merely repeated what the surgeon reported to me." Wood cut him short: "I have no time for that now; we are in sight of the enemy."

Calling his staff around him Colonel Wood explained that he and Capron had located the Spaniards where he had expected them to be. The Cuban report to Wheeler of the previous evening had stated that the body of a dead enemy soldier would be found by the side of the trail about five hundred yards in advance of the Spanish position; the body was there as promised, and sure enough, some distance beyond it could be discerned the foe's earthworks. Now the thing to do was to develop the strength and vulnerability of those earthworks. Wood ordered Capron and his troop to remain on the trail itself; G Troop was to beat its way forward through the bushes on the right of the trail, E and F Troops were deployed on the far side of a barbed-wire fence on the trail's left, and A and K Troops were to try to connect on the right with Young's left wing across the valley.

It was now close on eight o'clock, and General Wheeler announced that it had suddenly occurred to him that the straw hats that could be seen bobbing about behind the breastworks ahead might well be Cuban instead of Spanish. To settle this perplexing question he ordered the

Hotchkiss battery to send over a trial shot, and never was question settled more quickly or definitely. With the burst of the American shell there instantly blazed from the stone ramparts, from a hitherto unsuspected advance post, from the bushes, from the grass, and even from the foliage of the trees themselves the concentrated hell of a Spanish volley at almost point-blank range. Young's troops were momentarily rocked back on their heels, and it was only through the automatic and disciplined reaction of the trained soldiers that a rout was averted. Without waiting for further orders the Regulars threw themselves down into lines of skirmishers; the Mauser bullets were humming like giant mosquitos just above their heads but they calmly and deliberately brought their carbines to their shoulders and began to return the Spanish fusillade with individually aimed fire. "Don't shoot until you see something to shoot at!" shouted General Young, riding up and down behind his lines; in striving to obey him the sweating troopers of the 1st Cavalry Squadron wriggled and crawled through the matted undergrowth to bring the Spaniards within view until all platoon and squad formations were lost, and every man was loading and firing whenever and wherever opportunity offered. Seeing this, the dusky members of the 10th Cavalry began to inch up from their positions in reserve and before long the entire command was in a front-line fight, with its inevitable front-line casualties.

The first man to fall was a cavalry private who collapsed against General Wheeler at the opening volley. The

general hastily tore open the man's shirt to administer first aid, but it was too late; from then on, the Spanish volleys took increasing toll of our men. Major Bell, commanding the 1st Cavalry Squadron, went down with a smashed leg; Lieutenant Byram, his second-in-command, suffered a severe scalp wound but persisted in remaining in action until he fainted; Captain Knox, shot through the intestines and declining to agree with the troop surgeon that his case was hopeless, persuaded his Lieutenant Saltzman and a brother officer to get him carried back to Siboney. No medico was immediately available so the two young lieutenants tied a handkerchief to a stick and signaled the hospital ship *Olivette,* anchored in the bay, to send ashore for a wounded officer. To add the verisimilitude of authority to this message they were inspired to sign it "Havard," which they remembered was the name of a colonel who was understood to have something to do with the medical detachment of the V Corps; they felt this might hurry up matters. It did. A boat shot shoreward from the *Olivette* bearing a stretcher, several hospital orderlies—and Colonel Havard in person. He was not amused. Knox was taken aboard the hospital ship, where he recovered; meanwhile the two abashed "shavetails," at Colonel Havard's express request, returned to their regular duties.

Over on the left the ordeal of the Rough Riders was no less rugged. Sergeant Fish, grandson of the Hamilton Fish who, as Grant's secretary of state, had done great service in avoiding an earlier war over Cuba, was killed

at the very start of the action as he headed the advance guard. Glimpsing a sharpshooter underneath a bush, Fish's one shot at him took the desired effect but instantly the sergeant was struck by the bullet from a second sniper. Fish fell at the feet of Captain Capron, who stood over him with Sergeant Dilwyn Bell, both trying to locate the hidden marksmen. "I see them! Give me your gun a minute!" suddenly yelled the captain, and kneeling, fired two shots in quick succession. In equally quick succession, two dead Spaniards rolled out of hiding. But the odds against Capron were too great. From yet another sharpshooter a Mauser bullet whistled up and took the American officer just over the heart; Bell was able to drag him behind the skirmish line and there, mumbling an incoherent farewell to his father, he died—the last in a line of soldiers who had fought in every war beginning with the Revolution.

First Lieutenant Thomas succeeded to Capron's command but was almost instantly drilled through the leg and carried from the field, delirious with pain and struggling to get back into action; Color Sergeant Wright was clipped three times in the head and neck, and four shots went through his flag. Major Alexander Brodie, West Pointer turned Volunteer, was knocked out with a shattered arm and Private Thomas Isbell of L Troop set a record of indestructibility by getting wounded successively in the neck, left thumb, right hip, neck again, left hand, head, and once more in the neck. He refused to leave the firing line, and was forcibly hospitalized when his last wound lost so much blood that he couldn't stand up. Somewhat

similarly George Rowland of G Troop restlessly refused to remain at the temporary hospital for treatment of a bullet hole through his ribs. He was returned to Siboney for shipment to the States but once more appeared in ranks, explaining that he "didn't seem to be doing much good back there." This time they let him stay and he went through the rest of the campaign, still with the hole in his ribs. The little dressing station of the regiment's assistant surgeon Lieutenant Church—"Bob" Church of Princeton football fame—was at all times overcrowded, not the least of the reasons for its populous condition being the fact that Church himself added to his list of patients by four times calmly walking straight into the field of fire and personally bringing back wounded troopers who were unable to help themselves. As a result of his heroic actions, the campaign's first Medal of Honor was awarded to Lieutenant Church.

All in all the casualties of the 1st Volunteer Cavalry amounted to eight killed and thirty-four wounded, but it was the wounding of a single noncombatant that was responsible for one of the most tragic chapters of the regimental history.

When action opened, just after the deployment of the Rough Riders, newsman Marshall was crouched at the firing line with a regimental staff officer and Colonel Wood, whose coolness under fire would win him the admiring nickname of "Old Icebox"; all three were intent on watching how the troops handled the Krag carbines which had been issued to them in Tampa only a few days before sail-

ing, and none of which had ever been used for actual firing, As they looked, Marshall was hit in the spine by a Spanish bullet and Wood, not noticing him rolling on the ground in pain nor hearing his groans, ran over to admonish a soldier who was cursing at a recalcitrant breech bolt, "Don't swear—shoot!" A moment later the staff officer happened to turn around, saw Marshall writhing face down on the bloodstained grass, leaped to the conclusion that the wounded man was Wood, and completely and fearfully lost his head. Racing panic-stricken to his horse, tied to a post of the barbed-wire fence, he threw himself into the saddle and lit out for Siboney. By the time he had galloped into that astonished beachhead his state of mental shock had furnished him with imaginative tidings of the most dire nature: Wood was wounded, Roosevelt dead, the whole regiment ambushed and destroyed, and the Army doomed to complete defeat. It was only when poor Marshall himself, racked by convulsions but still game enough to hum "By the Banks of the Wabash Far Away," was brought in on a litter and dictated eyewitness bulletins through teeth clenched against his agony, that a true report of the proceedings was obtained and the shell-shocked officer's hysteria charitably forgotten.

Back at the firing line, Marshall's colleague Davis was giving the Rough Riders their first chance to shoot back at the Spaniards. Picking up a carbine where a wounded trooper had dropped it, Davis followed L Troop down the bloodstained trail littered with cast-off haversacks and blanket rolls until he reached Roosevelt on the extreme

front of the skirmish line. As with Young's opponents, the Spanish troops across from the Volunteers were not only well hidden but were using smokeless powder, so that the colonel was having trouble in determining a target for his men to shoot at. Lying beside him and sweeping the front with his binoculars Davis suddenly grasped Roosevelt's arm. "There they are, colonel; look over there! I can see their hats near that glade!" The colonel looked and saw them, too. Quickly estimating the range and getting all his men up on the line, he ordered "rapid fire" and a large group of Spaniards broke from their cover and retreated out of sight.

Taking stock of his situation, Wheeler was anything but happy and his staff began to have serious worries about the final outcome of hostilities. The American advance apparently was stymied, casualties were mounting—eight killed and more than twenty wounded. Although contact had been established with Wood's regiment by wig-wagging across the valley with a cavalry guidon, a long and hard fight with a doubtful outcome seemed indicated unless some positive remedial action was immediately taken. Major Beach, engineer officer of the cavalry division, deferentially approached Fightin' Joe.

"General," he said, "we have nine big regiments of infantry only a few miles back on the road. Let me send to General Lawton for one of them, and we can close this action up." Wheeler hesitated; in the old Civil War days it had not been his practice as a hell-for-leather horseman to ask foot soldiers for help, but these were not the old

Civil War days. Never before had he experienced such savage firepower as the Spaniards were pouring out, and perhaps under the circumstances it might be as well to have some reinforcements around, just in case. "All right," he finally said. "Get word to Lawton."

Calling a mounted orderly to his side, Beach told him, "Go back, find General Lawton, who will be on the road, give him General Wheeler's compliments and say that General Wheeler is engaged with a large force of the enemy and requests that a regiment of infantry be sent forward as soon as possible." Glassy-eyed and slack-jawed with fright, the orderly could only look uncomprehendingly at the major; it was evident he had not understood a word of what had been said to him. Cursing, Beach tore a page from his notebook and began to scribble the message: "General Wheeler directs me to say that he is engaged with a bigger force of the enemy than was anticipated, and—" Undecided just how peremptory one general should get with another, Beach paused and looked inquiringly at Wheeler. "Shall I say 'requests' or 'directs'?"

Wheeler was not at all undecided. "Say 'directs'!"

Obediently the major finished the order: "directs that any forces you may have be sent forward as soon as possible." The orderly grabbed it and took off at a dead gallop.

At about the same time Wood's cavalry had been pushing home the advantage gained when they uncovered the Spanish strongpoint, and now the Rough Riders' left wing was flanking the enemy position. Pressing on despite con-

tinuing heavy casualties the Volunteers came in sight of Young's brigade, and both American contingents broke into the open and charged straight toward the stone breastworks and blockhouses, firing as they ran, with Wheeler absent-mindedly yelling, "We've got the damn Yankees on the run!" This was too much for the Spanish troops; as one of them naïvely explained afterward, "The Americans were beaten but persisted in fighting, and we were obliged to fall back; the Americans tried to catch us with their bare hands!" With one accord they evacuated the three lines of defense they had been holding so stubbornly and when Lawton and his panting doughboys came running up the ridge to Wheeler the fight was over. Meeting the approaching infantry column Beach recognized his old friend Colonel Wagner in the headquarters group. "Hello," called Wagner. "Do you know what time it is? My watch has stopped."

"I should judge it is about the middle of the afternoon," Beach replied, and glanced at his own watch for confirmation. What he saw made him shake the timepiece and put it to his ear to make certain it was going. It was, and it showed, 9:15! The fight had lasted only little more than an hour, but as Wagner remarked to Beach, "It must have been a full hour!" Our total losses were one officer and fifteen men killed, and six officers and forty-six men wounded. The Spaniards lost three officers and seven men killed and eight men wounded, and so disciplined and effective had been our fire that we had expended an average of only ten rounds per man.

The 800 Cuban warriors promised by Castillo appeared after hostilities had ceased, and then only to satisfy their acquisitive proclivities among the blanket rolls and ration-filled haversacks thrown aside by the Americans.

The final exchanges in the engagement were verbal but no less violent. Lawton was outraged that Wheeler had seemingly ignored the prescribed orders for the advance (Wheeler later said he'd never received them until everything was over), and had bypassed the 2nd Division in an obvious attempt to secure for himself and his dismounted horsemen the credit for being the first to tangle with the Spaniards. In doing so, Lawton felt that his colleague had provoked a needless fight that had narrowly missed turning into an American disaster. Stamping into Fightin' Joe's headquarters, Lawton reputedly shook an admonitory finger in the little cavalryman's face. "This is a military campaign, general, not a political campaign!" he stormed. "I was given command of the advance, and I want you to know that I propose to keep it, by God, even if I have to put a guard to keep other troops in the rear!" General Wheeler's feelings were later salved by a congratulatory message from Shafter in which, however, the corps commander included a directive that Wheeler was not to start any more fights unless he was specifically ordered to do so. Meanwhile he was to camp where he was.

To keep the cavalry division company along the Siboney-Santiago road came Bates and his Independent Brigade and Hawkins with the 1st Brigade of the 1st Division. Two days later followed the rest of Kent's divi-

sion and the mounted cavalry squadron, and when the light artillery units of Major Dillenback and Colonel Derby's engineers moved in the party was complete. At the same time the 33rd and 34th Michigan Volunteer Infantry regiments fortuitously arrived from Tampa to guard the Daiquiri and Siboney beachheads and make themselves generally useful. The newcomers also brought word that a naval officer named Hobson had daringly sunk his ship across the entrance to Santiago Harbor, thereby bottling up Cervera's fleet. This caused a flurry of excitement among the troops who, with the soldier's unquenchable genius for reading hidden military meanings into any news item, immediately jumped to the enthusiastic conclusion that the Spanish squadron was now helpless against attack and capture by the Army. A later—and more official—bulletin stated that Hobson's vessel, the USS *Merrimac*, had indeed been sunk in Santiago waters but in the wrong place, and far from immobilizing Admiral Cervera, the commander and his crew had been captured and were themselves immobilized within Santiago's Morro Castle. So division and brigade scouting parties explored the surrounding territory—one such group led by Lieutenant Edward Chrisman of the 6th Infantry got so close to the Spanish lines that they almost started a battle by themselves—the Engineers produced field maps, the Signal Corps laid telephone wires back to the cable station that had been set up at Siboney, and the American encampment settled to a comparatively quiet routine.

The days were warm but not unpleasantly so, with a

few rains to break the monotony; the nights were cool, and the soft grass offered a welcome change from the hard bunks of the transports. But best of all were the opportunities provided for long-overdue baths in the stream that paralleled the road. One happy ablutioner accurately summed up the desirability of this unwonted luxury to correspondent Davis when he spluttered through his soapsuds, "I don't so much mind other men's clothing being offensive to me but when I can't go to sleep on account of my own, it grows serious!"

Not that there wasn't plenty to do, with the immediate need of rehabilitating the one road which led to the expedition's goal. Since it had first been built, almost three hundred years earlier, and grandiloquently christened Camino Real, little had been done to keep this Santiago highway in repair. In some places as wide as a city street and in others merely a narrow trail, deeply rutted, frequently sunken between high banks overgrown with vegetation, and with only precarious fords at the river crossings along its length, the Royal Road was anything but ideal for troop transport. But it was the only way to get to Santiago from the coast, so the V Corps spit on its hands and went to work.

Pick and shovel road gangs strove valiantly to repair the ravages of time and nature, and as their efforts hourly provided easier contact with the beachheads, supply trains were able to bring up sorely needed rations to replenish the field larders. When the column left Siboney each man was ordered to carry sufficient food for three days but this

had now virtually disappeared and one Volunteer outfit, impetuously taking the road without bothering to provide itself with any rations at all, was literally starving.

So heavy, therefore, was the traffic of supplies to the front that it soon became necessary to ration the rations and restrict the shipments to the four essential items of hardtack, meat, coffee, and sugar. As an added favor and special treat, each squad of eight men was presented with a large tin of roast beef, but this generosity went unappreciated after the tins were discovered to bear labels indicating that they were surplus supplies originally packed for the Japanese Army in the Sino-Japanese War of 1894.

Provoked by the thought that his troopers, of all people, might be subjected to any dietary restrictions, Colonel Roosevelt decided to take matters into his own hands, and in so doing suffered the only major setback of his military career. Swaggering up to the young officer in charge of the commissary, Roosevelt loudly identified himself and bluntly demanded that the Rough Riders' menu be enhanced by an extra issue of potatoes. The commissary officer was a lieutenant of Regulars, one Hugh J. Gallagher, whose Irish temperament feared no high-ranker in shining armor, and with equal bluntness he refused to allow the colonel more than his allotted share. Voices rose, eyes flashed, and the Rooseveltian fist pounded the table in rage. But, according to a legend that cannot be proved but will not down, Gallagher's fist did more than that and the volatile colonel suddenly sprawled in the sand. Apoc-

ryphal though the anecdote may be, the fact remains that Roosevelt and his bully boys did not get their extra potatoes.

The first food shipments came forward by pack trains. The galloping mules, heavily laden and with outriders dashing ahead to clear the way, were a source of constant astonishment to the city-bred soldiers, and even the rugged old-timers shared their awe at the imaginative heights reached by the professional profanity of the hard-bitten muleteers. But this transportation, though picturesque, was impotent before the demands made upon it, and sixty wagons were hurriedly assembled and put to work. When these, too, proved inadequate, the cavalry horses were pressed into service as cargo carriers, and eventually everyone got fed. Also forwarded were the regimental medicine chests, which had again been forgotten, this time on the Daiquiri beach, and a pair of wire cutters for the colonel of the 1st Regular Cavalry, who refused to stir until they had been retrieved from his transport.

One ration that everybody wanted and almost nobody got was tobacco. Although its traditional merits as a tranquilizer and promoter of good will and contentment in times of stress has always been recognized by anybody who has ever worn a uniform, a grievous oversight had completely omitted tobacco in any form from the supplies brought ashore from the transports. As a result a very brisk black market sprang up in the commodity, and cut-

plug was quoted at $2 per portion. Those who didn't have $2 solaced themselves by smoking a homemade mixture of dried grass and manure.

From the American lines there could frequently be seen across the rolling green landscape the thin wisps of smoke marking the campfires of the enemy, and in the quiet of the late afternoon or early evening there would come to *yanqui* ears the faint echoes of Spanish bugle calls. Otherwise no hostile influences disturbed the peaceful serenity of the V Corps camps; lacking the sound of combat fire, the troops could not be blamed if the pastoral setting lulled them into the feeling that they might well be on routine maneuvers in their own lush hinterland.

Fortunately for the troops' security, there was frequently the sound of combat firing even if supplied by our own men. One of the less appealing of Cuban fauna is a repulsive creature known as the "land crab," aptly described as an "armored spider, surrounded by legs." These restive crustaceans, much given to nocturnal wanderings, abounded in the corps camp area and the disturbance they made in clattering through the underbrush and over the sleeping troopers was exactly what the sentries thought creeping Spaniards would sound like. Consequently, that night could be considered lost whose silent watches were not rudely disturbed by some trigger-happy youth following his unanswered "Halt! who goes there?" with a blast from his rifle. This inevitably inspired the sentries walking other posts into similar noisy demonstrations that fre-

quently would reach the proportions of a fusillade before the frantic guard officers could restore quiet. The land crab population was not noticeably diminished.

On the afternoon of the 27th, General Shafter came ponderously ashore and spent the next two days inspecting his forces. Sometimes he did this from a sagging buckboard, sometimes from the back of a sagging artillery horse; always the troops made irreverent bets as to how many men it took to get their corpulent commanding general into position, and what means they employed to accomplish this obviously Herculean feat. On the 29th, Shafter established his headquarters well in advance of the troops and on the 30th made a personal reconnaissance of his position in company with Colonel McClernand, Colonel Derby, and two aides, Lieutenants Noble and Miley. Together they rode forward about a mile and a half to a deserted hacienda, all but demolished by the years of guerrilla fighting which had laid waste the countryside. This once-beautiful ranch house bore the lyrical but presently inappropriate name of El Pozo ("Repose") and nestled at the base of a lofty hill.

Ascending this hill, Shafter and his party had an unobstructed view of the entire field of operations that lay ready for their use. At the general's immediate right ran the Royal Road leading west toward Santiago. About a thousand yards from El Pozo the road was crossed by the Aguadores River and 500 yards farther by the San Juan River. Just beyond this river and some 2,500 yards from where Shafter stood rose the San Juan Heights, domi-

nated by San Juan Hill, 150 precipitous feet high on the south, or left, of the road. On the north of the road, and separated from it by a shallow pond rose a smaller hill on top of which could be seen a large iron sugar-refining kettle; this eminence was "Kettle Hill" from then on. Thereafter the road wound over San Juan Hill itself and down into Santiago, the red roofs of whose outlying buildings were plainly visible to the Americans. A pagoda-like blockhouse and a smaller ranch building crowned San Juan; heavy entrenchments could be seen along the crest of the hill and it was plain that the Spaniards considered it the key to the city's land approaches.

Looking north three miles from El Pozo the general and his party saw the hill village of El Caney. This was reported to contain another Spanish strongpoint that could enfilade San Juan, and was at that moment being scouted intensively by Generals Lawton and Chaffee. Thick jungle growth covered the basinlike triangle between El Pozo, San Juan and El Caney, frequently hiding the road from view; only between the San Juan River and the San Juan hills beyond it did the dense tropical vegetation give way to open meadowland.

Shafter got back to his headquarters about noon, and there the El Caney reconnaissance party duly appeared with reports of a highly successful mission. A passable road ran from El Pozo to El Caney, where a Spanish infantry garrison of 500 men was installed in six blockhouses and a stone fort; a stone church in the village had been loopholed for rifle fire and the entire area was surrounded

by trenches and barbed-wire barricades. Despite these formidable preparations against attack it was Lawton's opinion, in which Chaffee concurred, that El Caney could be captured in a couple of hours at most.

After receiving this information and discussing it with his immediate staff, Shafter announced a council of war of all division commanders for that same afternoon. Promptly all the division commanders were on hand with the surprising exception of General Wheeler, hitherto an active participant in all staff meetings. But for once the spry little Alabaman had found a foe he couldn't lick; a sudden attack of fever had him flat on his back, and in his place General Sumner represented the cavalry division.

General Shafter promptly announced that he felt the time was ripe to make the final move against Santiago by way of San Juan Hill; the V Corps would never be any more ready to fight than it was at that moment, all reconnaissance reports indicated the local conditions to be propitious for an advance, and finally he had just received the alarming word that an enemy column of 8,000 reinforcements was on its hopeful way to reach the Santiago garrison before the Americans did. The situation as a whole seemed to demand that the invaders fight at once. Shafter's plan for doing so was simple and direct: he would first assault El Caney with one division and attack later at San Juan Hill with two.

To accomplish this, Lawton's 2nd Infantry Division of Van Horn's, Miles's and Chaffee's brigades, supported by Capron's battery, would move out at once toward El

Caney, bivouacking for the night along the road and launching the attack against the Spanish position as early as possible in the morning. Following the capture of El Caney, Lawton would come back by the San Juan-El Caney road and join the right of the main attack which should by then be in full swing against San Juan.

After the departure of the 2nd Division the remainder of the command—the 1st Infantry Division, the cavalry division, and Grimes's battery—would push forward to the vicinity of El Pozo and there remain until daybreak. Owing to Wheeler's illness and the fact that Young had joined him on the sick list, the cavalry troops would be under General Sumner, with Colonel Carroll, 6th Cavalry, taking command of the 1st Brigade. Colonel Wood in turn would take over the 2nd Brigade and the command of the Rough Riders would automatically revert to Roosevelt.

At dawn the cavalry division, followed by Kent and his doughboys, would advance along the road toward the Spanish position on San Juan Hill. After crossing the Aguadores River, Sumner would deploy his force in skirmish formation to the right with his left resting on the Royal Road; Kent would go to the left with his right resting on the road. Grimes's battery would emplace itself at the summit of the El Pozo hill and from there support the attack, which would not begin until it was apparent that Lawton had got off to a good start against El Caney. Thereupon all would move against and over the San Juan heights into Santiago.

General Bates's brigade, Major Dillenback with the

two remaining artillery batteries, and Rafferty's dismounted cavalry squadron would be held in reserve.

Rations for five days and 200 rounds of ammunition would be carried by each man. The V Corps headquarters during the attack would be at El Pozo.

Concluding his exposition of his battle plans, Shafter sat back heavily in his chair and looked inquiringly at each of his commanders. Were there any questions?

There were no questions. The general nodded his dismissal.

This was it.

VI

CHARGE!

[JULY 1]

IT WAS THE MORNING of Friday, July 1, 1899.

Reveille for the V Corps had gone at dawn, but the buglers might have spared themselves the trouble, for the night had not been one for sleeping.

As soon as Lawton got back to his division from the meeting with Shafter he broke camp and set his men on their way to El Caney, with Capron's guns bumping along in the rear guard. Headquarters couriers meanwhile had alerted the remaining units to move forward at once along the road toward El Pozo, and with a surprising lack of logistical foresight all units had obeyed those orders to the dot. What happened then was exactly what might have been expected to happen when close to sixteen thousand men start walking at the same time in the same direction on the same road that frequently was nothing more than a rough path ten feet wide and sunk between high banks. As far as the eye could see the route bristled with the barrels of rifles and carbines sticking up through a sea of battered campaign hats, high-lighted with troop and

company guidons and the fluttering regimental battle flags. Above the slow-moving mass stood out the figures of the mounted commanders, their sabers flashing in the last rays of the setting sun as they tried to keep some semblance of ordered progress among the ranks that slipped and stumbled along the trail that a recent torrential rain had reduced to a muddy gutter.

Heading the line trudged the troopers of Wheeler's (now Sumner's) cavalry, blasphemously bemoaning their pedestrian status. Hard on their heels—still bespurred as befitted horsemen even without horses—came Kent's thin-limbed doughboys; behind them were their bandsmen lugging the bulky brass instruments they could not play and would soon discard in favor of rifles snatched from lifeless fingers. Last in line were the artillery caissons and guns creaking through the mire, wagon trains and pack mules following the jingling bells of the lead mares—all contributing to a gigantic traffic jam that at times completely immobilized the advance.

The only thing lacking from this pusillanimous pageant was the supersecret weapon designed especially for the occasion by General Miles. This was nothing less than a modern adaptation of the ancient Roman *testudo* which Latin scholars will recall as a favorite device of Julius Caesar's for the protection of his legionnaires when advancing against uncooperative Gauls and Helvetians. Our version of this contraption was an iron-plated shield of solid oak, sixteen feet long and six inches thick, loopholed and with a wheel at each end. The idea was that each such *testudo*

would shelter the advance of sixteen soldiers pushing it from behind until it reached enemy fortifications, which could then easily be scaled by means of the ladder with which the *testudo* was equipped. How this egregious equipment could be maneuvered through narrow and swampy jungle paths nobody seemed to know. Certainly General Shafter didn't. "What the hell!" he roared at young Lieutenant Martin when that embarrassed youth presented himself with the twenty-five tons of *testudines* he had escorted on a special shipment from Washington. "Hang around here and we'll feed you, but throw those damn things overboard!"

When the leading elements of the column reached the Aguadores River, a halt was called for the night's bivouac. Falling out along the line of march the men made what supper they could out of the beans, hardtack, coffee, and bacon they carried jumbled together in their haversacks and then, spreading their shelter tents on the rain-soaked grass, tried to get some rest. But the land crabs and the thoughts induced by the realization that they were going into a battle the next day made, for many, a mockery of sleep. Las Guasimas had been a sort of offhand scrap but this business of getting over San Juan Hill and into Santiago promised to be very much more the real thing. There were no baleful omens such as Stonewall Jackson's sword dropping from a tent pole before fatal Chancellorsville or the fall of Custer's headquarters flag as he began his ride into oblivion at the Little Big Horn, but every man there felt that for some it was the last night of their lives,

and wondered who and how many would be dead or wounded before sunset. (As a matter of fact, it would be one in every four.)

Times were hard back at Shafter's headquarters too. At three in the morning an orderly awoke Colonel McClernand with a summons to report to the general at once, and when he entered the corps commander's tent he realized that what everyone feared would happen had happened. Heat and physical exhaustion and a touch of gout had taken their toll, and Shafter was too ill to move. McClernand assured him that all the staff thoroughly understood his plans; Lawton had long since started on his way, and there was nothing to do now except let matters take their course. The general directed McClernand to establish battle headquarters at El Pozo with Lieutenant Miley as liaison officer at the front; McClernand promised to keep him informed by frequent reports of how things were progressing, and then hurried to his new assignment.

Breakfast, for those who had any appetite, was soon out of the way and the files began to line up tensely listening for the sound of Lawton's opening guns at El Caney, which would signal the beginning of the final lap to San Juan. At half past six it came—the full, thudding *crrump!* of Capron's first salvo, followed by a brittle spattering of rifle fire. Messengers galloped along the lines with final orders for the commanders: blanket rolls and haversacks to be discarded, cartridge belts to be turned with buckles in the rear, where they wouldn't glisten for Spanish riflemen to aim at; the advance would start any minute now as soon as Grimes's battery opened up.

Back at El Pozo, Colonel McClernand was watching Captain Grimes and A Battery of the 1st Artillery preparing to go into action. The four guns were waiting at the foot of El Pozo hill, their locations had been staked out on the hill's crest, and as soon as Grimes heard Capron at work at El Caney he ordered the battery into its firing position. With guidon streaming and red saddle blankets flashing, the first gun was started up the hill at a full gallop as the newspapermen and foreign attachés looked on admiringly. But the slope of the hill was steeper than it seemed, and halfway up the gun embarrassingly stuck fast. The three drivers stood in their stirrups and lashed with their whips, the six horses obediently threw themselves into their collars, straining against the dead weight of the fieldpiece behind them, but nothing budged; the grade was too sharp. Excusably red-faced, the gun commander ordered the lead team to be walked first to the right and then to the left and then to the right again, and so finally zigzagged the gun into its proper place. The other three crews successfully followed this object lesson in applied mechanics and, quickly scooping out the shallow emplacements indicated, rolled the guns into them. The teams dropped back, the men took their places at each piece, and the battery was ready.

Grimes estimated the distance to San Juan, now brilliant in the morning sun, to be about 2,500 yards. This range was set on the sights of the first gun, the shell was slammed into the breach, the block clicked shut after it, and the chief of section raised his hand. Grimes nodded at him. "Let her go!"

"Number one gun—*fire!*"

There was a flash, a shattering crash, and a tumbling billow of dense white smoke rushed forward and then rose to hang motionless in the still morning air. The horses of the orderlies reared and plunged in terror, the men of the 71st New York massed along the road below the hill involuntarily ducked, and a group of Cuban insurgents ran cheering from the shelter of the ruined farmhouse at the rear of the hill. It was an exciting and dramatic moment, but the young lieutenant who was acting as observer for the battery was not impressed. Lowering his binoculars, he turned to Grimes and shook his head. "Too short!"

Rolling up his sleeves, the captain stepped up to the second gun, raised the sights to 2,800 yards and himself pulled the lanyard. But the watchful lieutenant still was dissatisfied. "That was way over, captain!"

After further readjustment the third gun spoke and this time everyone could see its exploding shell knock into the air a sizable chunk out of a small building on San Juan. The observer permitted himself a slight smile of approval as he nodded at his commander. "On target, sir!"

Thus encouraged the fourth gun let fly with the same range and the same satisfying result, and the battery settled down to business. Shell followed shell across the valley to splatter the enemy redoubts with geysers of dirt and stone, but the Spanish blockhouse on top of San Juan and the trenches which gashed its sides remained silent and apparently unconcerned over the attention being paid them by the Americans. Despite the perfectly exposed lo-

cation of Grimes's artillery and the added prominence given it by the thick pall of telltale smoke pyramiding above the battery from the old-fashioned black powder it used, the lack of hostile response to the bombardment was so complete as to be almost unnerving. Shot after shot from El Pozo ripped into the distant hill without any attempt at Spanish retaliation until the spectators and troops around and behind the American guns began to wonder if the foe had perhaps given up without argument. This one-sided way of waging war was too good to be true, and of course it didn't last. When more than twenty of Grimes's projectiles had rumbled off across the treetops and San Juan still remained serene and silent, the unusual situation became too much for the Swedish military attaché. "I should think they would tire of receiving these," he remarked. "Have they, then, no artillery?" As if on cue he received his anwer, and it was a positive one.

A sudden boom blasted the silence of the distant slopes, followed by a roaring crescendo of sound that ended above the American lines with an ear-splitting twang, as if someone had snapped a string on a gigantic bass fiddle. Shrapnel pellets showered down, kicking up the dust, nicking a Cuban who howled mightily, and sending the onlookers scurrying for shelter, but with no other casualties.

The second Spanish shell was different. It followed the first one at hardly any interval and burst immediately in front of the American emplacement. Private Helm at the breech of the gun that had just fired gave a strangling cry and slumped forward between the wheels; George Rob-

erts standing next to him whirled back clutching a shattered shoulder; in the rear a Cuban pony screamed in pain. *Blam!* came the third shell, and this one burst squarely over the El Pozo farmhouse, crashing through the roof and spreading death and destruction inside and out. Shrieking with fear the hidden Cubans boiled out of the house into the yard, where the sight of several wounded Rough Riders and the bodies—in whole or part—of six of their own comrades threw them into further paroxysms of panic; it was apparent that little help for the business at hand could be expected from them.

Our own cavalrymen were hurriedly removed from their stupid proximity to Grimes's battery—one observer remarked that placing troops so near to guns in action was like someone painting the rings on a target while someone else was firing at it—and the artillery duel continued unabated. Even though the sun was in their eyes the Spanish gunners were, if anything, having a little the better of it with the exact range to El Pozo known beforehand and with guns using smokeless powder that did not give away their position. For half an hour the two batteries traded shots, there were some more casualties among the American gunners, and then the Spanish fire suddenly stopped. Grimes searched San Juan thoroughly through his glasses; there were plenty of shell holes and torn earth and splintered trees, but not a sign of anything that remotely resembled a gun position. A titillating thought flashed through the captain's mind; could he by some lucky chance have dropped a few hot ones into the expertly hid-

den enemy emplacement? He could have, but he hadn't. Later, the hidden emplacement would be discovered with its guns in perfect condition; what caused the Spaniards to cease their fire when they apparently were perfectly able to keep it up has remained a mystery.

It was around 8:45 when the artillery engagement halted, and the cavalry and infantry waiting along the Royal Road knew that theirs would be the next move.

Long before, Sumner had climbed El Pozo to beg McClernand to let him start the advance but the colonel had reminded him of Lawton's parting words as the 2nd Division moved off for El Caney: "Don't order the other divisions to attack until I get up. Give me time to reduce El Caney." From the roar of battle reverberating from El Caney it was evident that the town had not yet been reduced, and Sumner had been forced to bide his time with what patience he could muster. But now that Grimes appeared to be finished with San Juan and Lawton still sounded as if he was far from finished with El Caney, it seemed to McClernand that it would be tempting fate further to delay the big push. So an orderly galloped off to Sumner and, to that officer's great and long-restrained joy, handed him the order that would start him and the rank and file behind him on their march to glory or the grave.

Freed of the burdensome blankets and haversacks, which the proud but predatory Cubans salvaged as soon as the troops had passed, the waiting regiments stepped off with the 6th and 16th Regulars leading the 1st Infantry

Brigade, followed by the 71st Volunteers. Immediately they achieved the impromptu distinction of being reviewed by no less a personage than William Randolph Hearst himself. The lanky publisher had ridden over from his personal dispatch boat at Siboney and was greeted by howls of recognition from the New York City boys in the ranks that went slogging past him. "Hi, there, Willie!" they sang out in delighted discovery of someone from the old home town but Hearst, unused to such familiarity, never changed the set expression of his gimlet-eyed poker face. Only when his star reporter, the black-bearded James Creelman, galloped up beside his chief and shouted "Good luck!" did Hearst permit himself a languid wave of his red-banded straw hat and a patriarchal farewell. "Good luck be with you, my boys!" Then he and Creelman loped off toward El Caney, where the reporter would acquire a severe wound as well as the Spanish garrison's flag, presenting the captured banner to his boss with the explanation that since Hearst's *Journal* had provoked the war it was only fair that the *Journal* should have the first flag captured in the war.

Skidding in the mud, tripping over hidden roots and vines, the keeping of any kind of military formation by the troops was impossible, and the jam-packed trail and its slow-moving mass of soldiery looked like nothing so much as the main aisle of a big department store on Christmas Eve. But it didn't sound or feel that way. The sun was now blazing down pitilessly and even where the road ran in the shade the evil-smelling, steaming humidity of the dim jungle gave no relief from the heat.

To relieve the discomfort of his heavy blue uniform Adjutant Bennett of the 16th, ordinarily the very model of a spit-and-polish officer, cut off his trousers at the knees, leaving only his leggings around his most nether extremities. Although he thus became the first soldier in the United States Army to wear shorts, he instantly regretted this sartorial sally, for his legs attracted the immediate attention of every stinging insect, thorn, bramble, and bush near which he passed. The heat also was the cause of a clothing crisis arising among those Volunteers who had received from sweetheart, wife, or sister the fashionably popular gift of a red flannel cummerbund which, if worn constantly next the skin under the uniform, was guaranteed to ward off all tropical diseases. At the moment these tokens of loving thought and care seemed good only for inducing sunstroke or prickly heat and with the pious hope that the fair donors would never learn the fate of their sentimental offerings the wearers cast them off.

From general to private the sweaty, grimy Americans could only curse impotently as they struggled forward in response to that ever-present exhortation of every marching column, "Close up there—keep closed up!" And then suddenly to the sounds of warfare drifting over from El Caney there was added a new and much more ominous noise—an evil humming overhead, as though a great cloud of fearsome insects was passing. The men looked up apprehensively; even those who had never heard it before recognized the strange noise for what it was and knew they were at last under fire.

As the head of the column neared the ford of the San Juan River, it came into plain view of the enemy on the hills in front and the enemy needed no further inducement to open up with everything in his arsenal. The Spaniards had every foot of the trail accurately plotted for range and as the long blue snake of Sumner and Kent's divisions wound into the jungle clearings it received the full force of the volley firing for which the Spanish riflemen were famous. The steel-jacketed Mauser bullets no longer merely passed overhead; advancing marchers plunged out of line to lie silent as their comrades stepped over them or to roll moaning alongside the trail, now so narrow that only a single file could pass. The mud underfoot became slippery with blood and the green waters of the Aguadores and San Juan turned purple as they rippled around and over the new obstructions falling among the rocks of the fords.

At last a runner from headquarters fought his way to General Sumner with orders to halt his division when he reached the edge of the woods where the open ground began to rise toward the San Juan heights.

"Very good," said General Sumner. "I halt my division at the edge of the woods. And what do I do then?"

"You wait for further instructions," replied the runner, and ran.

So General Sumner waited, and from behind him General Kent and his 1st Division tried to get forward into position at the cavalry's left. Men became separated from their units and the units from their commanders as bellow-

ing officers and noncoms tried to bring some sort of order out of chaos. And always there were more and more of the keening bullets whistling down from an enemy that, thanks to his smokeless powder, couldn't be seen but could be felt only too well.

After crossing the Aguadores ford the 1st Infantry Brigade came into the open at the bank of the San Juan River. Across it, beyond barbed-wire entanglements that fenced a meadow, abruptly rose their objective—San Juan Hill itself. The 6th and 16th began to deploy as best they could to the left of the trail, at the same time trying to hide against the murderous fire which was being poured upon them from the trenches and blockhouse that faced them. The 71st waited farther back in reserve, but nobody seemed to know whether the cavalry regiments had been able to form their skirmish line to the right. The 16th's Colonel Egbert and his adjutant pushed into the bushes to try to establish contact with the erstwhile horsemen and finally found them slowly moving into proper position, just as Egbert was severely wounded.

General Hawkins and his staff then rode up to the stream and dismounted under a large bushy tree. Lieutenant Jules Ord, one of the general's aides, climbed into the lower branches and despite the bullets passing all around him and showering him with clipped leaves and bark reported he could see the cavalry going into position on the right. So that problem was solved and Hawkins decided this would be a good spot to try out the dynamite gun which somehow had been pulled and pushed along from

Siboney. While all watched with awe, the newfangled cannon delivered itself of one shot, springing its breech out of adjustment and rendering itself unfit for further use. It was retired in disgrace and two of the Hotchkiss guns took its place.

Hawkins pushed on to the front while Ord continued to act as an arboreal observer for the rest of the command still coming along the trail. Guidance on the ground was furnished by the general's other aide, Dennis Michie, West Point '92 and captain of the Academy's first football team, but his service was short-lived; on one of his trips to the riverside an enemy bullet dropped him dead in his tracks.

And as if the Americans weren't already in enough hot water, an observation balloon was dragged forward and sent up just above the head of that portion of the column which was still static on the trail. Naturally this drew the fire of every rifle, pistol, and artillery piece in the Spanish lines and the San Juan redoubts flashed and roared with renewed vigor.

But the balloon, apparently bearing a charmed life, stayed where it was and through the whining and whistle of the enemy projectiles the voice of its pilot could be heard addressing the men on the ground beneath it.

"Is there a general officer down there?" There wasn't, so nobody replied.

"Is there a field or staff officer down there?" Again no answer.

"Well, is *any* officer down there?"

A chorus of subalterns happily replied, "Yes, quite a few!"

"I see two roads in front," proudly announced the balloonist.

"Where do they lead to?" eagerly yelled several voices.

"I can't tell!"

At this point a burst of enemy shrapnel punctured the balloon's envelope and, amid the cheers of the ground troops, brought it flapping to earth. Clambering out of the wreck the observer, who turned out to be Colonel Derby of the Engineers, made his way to General Kent and informed him that just beyond the Aguadores ford he had discovered a hidden trail branching to the left across the San Juan River; it seemed to lead to a green knoll from which San Juan Hill might well be enfiladed. Investigation showed that the entrance to this unsuspected path was almost at the exact spot where the waiting 71st Infantry was then halted.

Without stopping to inform General Hawkins that his brigade reserve was being switched around and would not be where he expected it to be, Kent at once turned the 71st aside into the newly discovered detour. Calling to the regimental commander, the general said, "Colonel Downs, you will take your regiment along this trail and follow it to the ford of the stream and there rest."

"Yes, sir," replied Downs. "About how far is the ford from here, general?"

Kent shook his head. "I don't know."

"Very well, sir," said the colonel. Dismounting with his

staff he ordered the chaplain to stay with the surgeons, and on foot led his command into the wilderness on which the Mauser bullets were dropping with increasing frequency.

Then disaster struck. As the head of the 71st emerged from the jungle at the ford it ran head on into a shrapnel shell burst, and twelve men went down in a bloody, writhing tangle. White-faced at what they saw and heard, for which the weekly drills in their city armory and the sham battles at summer camp had ill-prepared them, the horrified militiamen in the leading battalion recoiled on the battalion next in line. This unit, pushing doggedly ahead in single file between banks of matted foliage, had no idea what had actually happened up ahead but from the actions of their terrified comrades they knew it must be something awful. Halting and then turning back as the insidious poison of panic began to spread through the ranks, the regiment was well on its way toward disintegrating into a retreating rabble when General Kent and his staff officers formed a human barrier across the trail and effectively blocked further defection. To put a final quietus on this critical situation the general then ordered the members of the disorganized battalions to lie down in the thicket and make way for the rest of the 71st, coming up behind them. This they did without further urging and Kent, sensing the need for immediate replacements, hastily ordered his 2nd Brigade to move up in the Volunteers' stead. As the 13th Regulars trotted along the side trail, Kent indicated to Colonel Wikoff, the brigade commander,

the prostrate members of the 71st lining both sides of the path. "Tell the brigade to pay no attention to this sort of thing," he cautioned the colonel, and then added what must be considered the understatement of the entire campaign: "It is highly irregular!"

While all this was going on, the firing on both sides had been steadily increasing in force and effect. Although the Americans on the front line were at the moment lacking orders to go forward, they kept up a determined fusillade of aimed fire at the enemy heads which bobbed above the trenches on the hill. This was less spectacular than the Spanish volleys, but was afterward found to have been extremely effective, most of the casualties discovered in the San Juan stronghold having received head and shoulder wounds. On the other hand, whatever the hostile riflemen lacked in accuracy was more than made up in effectiveness by the workings of the law of probability. With most of the United States force motionless in plain view at the foot of the San Juan Heights, all a Spaniard had to do was to shoot in the general direction of the *yanquis* and be reasonably sure of hitting somebody. Our mounting list of wounded showed that this confidence was not misplaced.

In these repellent efforts the enemy soldiers were aided by their sharpshooters who had infiltrated behind the American lines. This group of marksmen, reputedly recruited from among the life-term prisoners in the Spanish jails with promises of amnesty if they survived, were camouflaged in green uniforms and lurked in the high

trees bordering the trails and the river crossings. These guerrillas winged the blue-clad figures wading through the ford or kneeling to fill their canteens; they shot them again just in case their victims didn't drown in the stream, and they shot the comrades who tried to pull them out. But the snipers reserved their special attention for the defenseless wounded lying on the jungle paths and now beginning to crowd the dressing station that Major Newgarden, chief medical officer, had set up under a sheltering bank at the Aguadores crossing; from that day on it would be known as Bloody Ford. Stretcher-bearers were downed as they bore in the casualties, and the casualties were shot out of the stretchers; many walking wounded reported for first aid with more injuries than they had when they started back from the firing line, and even the surgeons were not immune from the bullets of the hidden marksmen. If there was any alleviating aspect to the situation it was furnished by the fact that the high-velocity, longnosed Mauser bullets drilled clean, incisive punctures that were a comforting change from the jagged, torn, and gaping wounds made by the soft lead slugs familiar to Civil War veterans.

And, although there was a shortage of anesthetics, the surgeons' lot was made a little easier by the courageous stoicism of even the badly wounded. "Cheez," gasped one doughboy, half fainting from the agony of the operating table, "they stuck a rag in one side of me and pulled it out the other side! That's something ain't it?" A Rough Rider with a mangled ankle was marked for removal to

the rear by ambulance, but no ambulance was on hand. "Hell, doc," grunted the wounded man, "git me a horse and I'll *ride* back!" A horse was procured and with considerable misgivings the medico watched his patient lifted into the saddle. "Do you think you can stand it?" he inquired anxiously. The other grinned through his pallor as he moved off. "Stand it? Pardner, this is just like money from home!" Another surgeon was trying to staunch the bleeding from a belly wound. "Son," he warned the youngster lying green-white before him, "this will hurt, but I've got to make this hole bigger to fix it so's you won't bleed to death." "Go ahead," said the other, "you know best," and held tightly but silently to his litter while the surgeon's shears clipped the edges of his wound.

In welcome contrast to the grim picture came Lieutenant Dunning, a famed trencherman of the 16th Infantry, to furnish a touch of comic relief. A bullet had creased his stomach and the doctor was inclined to be morbidly commiserative. "Lucky you were no fatter," he sourly remarked as he applied a dressing. "I was," smiled the lieutenant, "but I lost seventy-five pounds on the damn food I haven't been able to eat since I hit Tampa. Look at my blouse!" He pulled his coat around him to show the three folds through which the same bullet had passed as it had hung on his slenderized frame.

One of the first officers to die at Bloody Ford at the hands of a sniper was young Lieutenant Edmund Benchley of the 13th, who had come back to rally forward two of the regiment's companies that were stuck in the trail;

returning from his errand he was shot through the heart as he splashed through the Aguadores. For years afterwards his fiancée in faraway Nyack, New York, made of each July 1 a day of deepest mourning, later in Edmund's memory providing the financial assistance needed to send through Harvard his younger brother, Robert Benchley.

Hot as was the spot in which the cavalry now found itself, the irrepressible acting boss of the 1st Volunteers still found time to scribble off to the considerably senior colonel of the 10th Regulars a hasty note of reproving comment on that regiment's behavior in combat: "There is too much firing. Col. Wood directs that there be no more shooting unless there is an advance or unless you are certain you locate a sharpshooter and can get him. [Signed] Roosevelt, Lt. Col."

In addition to the hazards offered the dressing station by enemy powder and lead, it was early discovered that it was also in imminent danger of being destroyed by our own ammunition. The charges for the dynamite gun had oddly been left on the same site as the hospital equipment, where a hit by any one of the constantly exploding Spanish shells would send the whole place into the air. Sergeant Basil Ricketts and four men from I Troop of the 1st Volunteer Cavalry, happening by, realized the impending peril and hastily scooped out a hole into which the boxes were dumped. The all-important station was saved, but as the last box dropped into the ground, Ricketts fell across it with a sniper bullet in his groin.

On the opposite side of the trail from the bedeviled

infantry brigades the cavalry division was having its own troubles. Carroll's 1st Brigade took position in the front line with the 2nd Brigade of Colonel Wood immediately in the rear, but instead of advancing at once against Kettle Hill, which faced them, they lay motionless for an hour and a half, taking pot shots at the Spanish emplacements from behind whatever shelter could be improvised against the relentlessly dropping fire from the enemy Mausers. Captain Devereux was dangerously wounded while lying under what he thought was a protective tree; Ernest Haskell, a West Point cadet who was taking a busman's holiday by spending his furlough from the Academy as an acting lieutenant, was shot through the stomach; Private Champlin had his arm torn off and died the next day. Chain-smoking his ever-present cigarettes as he walked calmly among his crouching troopers, Captain "Bucky" O'Neill ignored all suggestions that he was making a tempting target of himself. "Better lie down, sir," warned a sergeant. "A bullet will be sure to get you." But the captain, who had already been recommended for a Medal of Honor for his rescue efforts in the landing at Daiquiri, believed that an officer should never take cover, for the morale effect on his men. Laughing, O'Neill blew out a cloud of smoke and shook his head. "That's all right, sergeant. The Spanish bullet hasn't been made that can kill me!" But there was one, and at that instant it hit him. He was dead even before he started to fall.

General Sumner, worried over his lack of any further combat instructions, finally sent a message back to head-

quarters asking if General Shafter's plans contemplated attacking entrenchments. To this perhaps ill-advised, although under the circumstances excusable, inquiry Shafter tartly replied that he certainly contemplated that his division commanders would fight wherever and whenever they could do so to advantage, that our forces were being demoralized by being shot down without a chance to fight back, and that, in effect, they should return as good as they got. Between the lines there was plainly to be read the corps commander's unwritten query, "What are you waiting for?"

Where General Hawkins stood with Ord and Assistant Adjutant General Horton the situation was becoming increasingly critical. Shot and shell were pouring into the infantrymen and the mounting casualties were fast taking needed manpower from him. Colonel Wikoff fell and died as he was marshaling his brigade around and in front of the 71st, his command then devolving on Colonel Worth of the 13th, who was shot a moment later. Colonel Liscum of the 24th replaced him and almost at once went to the ground under a withering fire. The brigade command finally rested upon the lowly shoulders of Lieutenant Colonel Ewers of the 9th, who went on through the fight blissfully unaware of his sudden promotion. Captain Cavenaugh, 13th Infantry, was knocked over with a bullet in the leg; binding the wound hurriedly he jumped to his feet only to meet another Mauser slug with his body, and this time he went down to stay. Captain Drum of the

13th was killed trying to effect liaison with General Hawkins, his death to be memorialized by the presidential appointment of his son Hugh to the lieutenancy that would start him toward his general's stars in both World Wars. Two majors, four other captains, and a number of subalterns of the 13th were wounded and died during this period and altogether the regiment lost nearly 30 per cent of its effective strength in officers and enlisted men. Equally large were the losses sustained by the other outfits and it was painfully evident that a change in the situation would have to be speedily effected by the American forces if they were to survive.

This crisis was not unlike that famous occasion, two centuries before and a hemisphere away, when England's Scots Fusiliers under Sir Andrew Agnew faced the French from the base of a hill at Dettingen. "My lads," Sir Andrew pithily remarked, "you see they loons upon yon brae-face? If you dinna kill them, they'll kill you!" It was as simple as that then; it was as simple as that now. When Lieutenant Miley and General Kent came up at this moment for a conference, General Shafter's emissary voiced similar thoughts. Hawkins pointed out to Kent that the increasing ferocity of the Spanish fire was making his position untenable and he couldn't withdraw because of the still crowded condition of the trails behind him; all he could do was go ahead without waiting any longer for Lawton, who could still be heard banging away at El Caney. When Kent seemed a little dubious about this, Miley, although a junior officer, spoke up with all the

decisiveness of a fellow general. "I am entirely of General Hawkins's opinion and I will, if you have no objections, in the name of General Shafter and with his authority, direct General Hawkins to advance with his brigade and capture the hill." To clinch his argument the lieutenant added, "The heights must be taken at all costs. A retreat now would be a disastrous defeat."

Kent nodded at Hawkins. "Go ahead!"

Hawkins looked silently across the open plain that led to the base of San Juan Hill. It was only some five hundred yards wide but it offered no shelter except waist-high grass, it had not been prepared by any artillery barrage, and every foot of it was a shooting gallery for the enemy in the trenches. Lieutenant Ord touched him on the arm. "Sir, if you will order a charge, I'll lead it."

Hawkins remained silent and Ord tried again. "General, if you don't wish to order a charge, may I volunteer? We can't stay here any longer, can we?"

The general shook his head. "I won't ask any man to volunteer."

"Well, sir," replied his aide, "if you do not forbid it, I'll start it."

A new, low drumming sound broke on the ears of the officers and they looked at each other anxiously. Were the Spaniards starting to use machine guns? No; the sound didn't come from in front—it must be, by God, it *was* the Gatlings! Somehow Parker had extricated himself and his guns from the road block caused by the 71st, had man-handled his pieces up to the front lines, and was now

blazing merrily away. As he sprayed the hillside, jets of dust in spurting rows crept nearer and nearer to the enemy redoubts and to Hawkins it seemed that the Spanish fire was slackening. Ord spoke again.

"I only ask you, general, not to refuse permission."

Aides-de-camp can grow very close to their generals, and Hawkins had become thoroughly attached to his two hard-working youngsters; poor Michie had already left him that morning—now was Ord about to go, too? But the older man didn't hesitate. He would not, he repeated, ask for volunteers; neither would he give Ord permission to lead the charge. But, he added quietly, he would not refuse it. "Good luck, and God bless you!"

With a whoop, Ord tore off his shirt and threw it to a nearby chaplain. "Now I'm ready for anything," he yelled exultingly, and waved his hand. "Good-by, if I don't come back!" He turned to the nearest doughboys crouched in the grass behind him. "Come on!" he shouted. "Come on, you men! We can't stay here!"

Waving a revolver in one hand and a bayonet in the other, Ord sprints from the brush and heads for San Juan's slope. Yelling insanely, half a hundred files break cover behind him. Miraculously they make the hill unharmed and start up it. The Gatlings hold their fire to let them pass; the Spaniards can't hit them because they are shooting from trenches dug on the true crest of the hill instead of the military crest thirty feet in front of it, where the summit starts to level off. As a result, anyone coming up the hill is fairly safe since the enemy can't see over the

edge to fire at him. Ord scrambles up to the first trench, from which the Spaniards have long since withdrawn. It contains only one wounded soldier, left behind by his comrades. As Ord vaults over the parapet the lone Spaniard raises his gun and fires once. It is enough. Lieutenant Ord has his wish to be the first American to reach the top of San Juan Hill, and he is the first American to die there. The Spaniard dies immediately afterward, and for days a grizzled sergeant refuses to wash the stock of the gun with which he had smashed in the Spaniard's head.

Where Ord has left him standing in the open between the lines of the 6th and 16th Infantry, General Hawkins sweeps his right arm forward and shouts the magic word the Army has been waiting to hear:

"CHAR-R-R-GE!"

Behind him two buglers raise their instruments and sound the most spine-tingling of all calls. Hawkins waves his hat and points up to the San Juan blockhouse. "Come on!" His men need no second invitation.

In small groups or alone the blue figures erupt from the cover of the thickets to wriggle through the openings in the barbed-wire fences and run in crouching zigzags across the open ground in front of the hill. Not all of them get across; many drop quietly dead or fall in retching agony before they have taken more than a couple of steps. A soldier starts to drag a wounded man into the bushes. "Go on!" yells an officer. "Go on! Don't stop for the wounded—they'll be taken care of! Keep moving!" Seeing one of his company sitting by the trailside, wearing a red

shirt, an infantry captain grabs him. "What the hell are you doing back here?" he demands. "Get on your feet and go forward!" The man screams and the captain takes away his hand, dripping with blood from what is left of the doughboy's shoulder. "Sorry!" he mutters and vomits suddenly.

Back of the 16th's position the drum major of the regimental band is raging at his musicians. To his horror, the bandsmen are tossing aside their instruments and grabbing the rifles and cartridge belts of the fallen. "Pick up those horns!" he commands in a frenzy. "Pick 'em up! Goddammit, that's an order!" A bandsman laughs in his face. "Not by a damn sight, sergeant! I don't get shot at and not shoot back!" The band, transformed into a combat unit, joins the attack, the drum major with them. A medical corpsman comes on a major standing beside the body of one of his battalion staff, sobbing hysterically. "Cover him, somebody," he shouts hoarsely. "Dammit, he's an officer! Cover him up!" The attendant leads him away, still raving in shock. A Regular falls over the grass-hidden form of a malingering Volunteer who complains, "Where the hell are you going?" The Regular replies, "To the front! Where the hell are you going?" and runs on. A first sergeant of Regulars yanks a slow-moving file to his feet and kicks him forward. "That's the stuff!" yells a watching correspondent, and the sergeant turns on him. "You mind your own damn business and I'll mind mine!"

By this time the battlefield of San Juan Hill has become a kaleidoscopic medley of all the regiments of both infan-

try brigades with wandering cavalrymen thrown in. In the first general rush the units overlapped each other and company commanders attempted to keep their outfits together by calling out their identities, but they soon gave that up and now everyone joins up with whoever happens to be next to him and keeps going under the command of the nearest officer or noncom.

And always in front of his advancing doughboys, General Hawkins gallantly sets the pace, his snow-white hair an inspiring oriflamme thirty feet before the leading files. He is by far the most conspicuous figure on the field and its most perfect target, but the Mauser bullets ignore him as he ignores them. His faith in his troops is justified, his attack is developing as planned despite some lapses in its implementation, and he is satisfied. He even knows where his missing 71st is, for two battalions of that reluctant regiment have now appeared on the scene; dropping their outmoded Springfields and obsolete black-powder ammunition the Volunteers are arming with the Krags of the Regular casualties and giving a good account of themselves.

Captain Goldsborough, commanding M Company of the 71st, is determined that his men at least will prove that some citizen soldiers know the meaning of military discipline. As M Company starts straggling across the meadow, he halts it.

"Right dress!" The company front flows into line, left elbows up, heads turned to the right.

"Front!" The elbows come down and the heads snap around.

"Count off!" The singsong "One, two, three, *four*" runs from right to left of the line.

"The guide is right!" imperturbably orders Goldsborough. "For-*warrd*— MARCH!" And so, in perfect formation and cadence M Company of the 71st Volunteers smartly marches to the foot of San Juan; it is the only organization in our military history to form and maneuver in closed ranks under fire. To quote Bosquet at Balaclava, it is magnificent but it is not war; it is, however, exactly what is needed to restore the morale of a badly demoralized group of soldiers who now go at their job with renewed confidence.

At El Pozo the artillery decides that it should lend a helping hand to the infantry it can see crawling up the distant slope, and breaks its long silence with a salvo aimed at the blockhouse. The aim is no better than the first shots of the morning; the shells fall short among the attackers and bugles sounding "Recall" and "Cease Firing" stymie the advance. The men begin to fall back, and Lieutenants Palmer and Preston grab the 16th's colors and wave them frantically to attract the attention of the overzealous gunners. They take the hint and the artillery fire stops. The infantry advance starts again where it left off, and this time it doesn't stop.

From its line in front of Kettle Hill the cavalry has been enviously watching the attack begin over at San Juan. An ex-cowpoke in the Rough Riders yells, "We got them Mexicans corraled! Why in hell don't we brand them?" General Sumner gallops up with the good news that the cavalry is going ahead at last, and the squadron and troop officers

alert their men accordingly. Roosevelt, who alone of his command is mounted, rides unconcernedly up and down before it as he checks the formation. With everything in order he goes forward to the left wing of the 9th Cavalry, where he asks the captain in command what his orders are. The captain replies that his only orders are to keep his men ready in their present position; what are Roosevelt's orders? The colonel says he has been placed in support of the Regulars in capturing the hill, and that it is his firm belief that the only way to capture it is by charging it. This he now intends to do; will the captain order his troopers to join the rush? The captain reminds Roosevelt that he can't do this unless his own colonel approves, and he hasn't seen his colonel for some time and doesn't know where he is. Roosevelt wastes no time looking for him. "In that case," he announces impetuously, "I am the ranking officer here and I give the order to charge. Please let my men through, sir!" He leads up the Rough Riders and the men of the 9th rise with a yell and fall in with them. With his unfailing sense of the dramatic, the colonel has taken his blue and white polka-dotted handkerchief from around his neck and fastened it to his hat, whence it gallantly streams as he rides forward.

Roosevelt's charger, Little Texas, shies at a figure prone behind a bush. The colonel stops and looks down at the trooper who is not dead and does not appear to be wounded. "Get up!" commands the colonel. "Are you afraid to stand up while I am on horseback?" The man hesitates and, as Roosevelt watches him, gives a convul-

sive start and then stiffens. A bullet, aimed at the colonel, has by some freak of ballistics missed him completely and instead has gone lengthwise from head to foot through the body of the man under cover.

Trumpeter Baker—in the cavalry buglers are "trumpeters"—standing by Colonel Wood, who has discarded his regulation uniform for an oddly assorted wardrobe of cowboy Stetson, gray shirt and white breeches, asks, "Shall I blow the 'Charge,' sir?" Receiving no answer, he blows it anyway and the division takes off, shooting as it goes.

A bullet nicks Roosevelt's elbow. Little Texas gets scraped by another. Neither horse nor rider pays any attention, and the colonel reaches the first barbed-wire fence around the blockhouse ahead of everyone except his orderly; Trooper Henry Bardshar has raced ahead to make sure of winging some of the Spaniards who are now running out of the blockhouse. Roosevelt sees him hit two, and dismounts at the fence in time to drop one for himself with the navy revolver he carries, salvaged from the lamented *Maine*. (He has not worn his saber since it tripped him up at Las Guasimas.)

The wire fence goes down, the troopers swarm over it and up to the big iron kettle on the hilltop. Every regiment in the division insists it was the first to reach the summit, but it doesn't matter. The hill has been won and there is glory enough for all.

There is sadness too, for the 9th has lost its gallant commander, Colonel Hamilton; also out of action with severe injuries is the acting commander of the brigade,

Colonel Carroll. His adjutant general, Captain Mills, is sitting helpless with a head wound that will leave him blind in one eye, but refuses to leave the field until he is assured that victory for the brigade has been achieved.

Kettle Hill affords a grandstand seat from which to observe the 1st Division going up San Juan Hill, and the cavalry watches intently. Roosevelt doesn't want to be left out of the day's final action, so he leaps down the farther slope of Kettle Hill toward San Juan, ordering the Rough Riders to follow. His men don't hear him, and he suddenly finds himself in the unenviable position of charging an enemy strong point all by himself. Running back he re-forms his command and brings it up to reinforce the final push against the Spanish trenches.

The Americans are almost at the top of San Juan now, our hitherto scattered elements converging into the pattern of an irresistible surge that slowly but surely is rising to surround and engulf the enemy stronghold. There is a final flurry of fire from the Spanish trenches and blockhouse and then the defenders break and flee for Santiago as the infantrymen pour over the abandoned rifle pits in a jumbled mixture of various companies, battalions, and regiments. Lieutenant Thomas M. Anderson and H Company of the 13th Infantry rush the blockhouse and secure it as Private Arthur Agnew scrambles to the red-tiled roof and pulls down the Spanish flag. Jumping to the ground Agnew is exhibiting his prize to a group of his company when an undetected sniper wounds two of the men. Infuriated, the doughboys slash the flag to pieces.

General Wheeler, tossing on his cot back near El Pozo, has heard the opening shots of the fight and, defying his doctors, makes his way to the front just as the climactic assault takes place. He accosts a sweating infantry captain and asks for news of his boys. It is all good, and with his traditional courtesy he then inquires about the rest of the command.

"Did you have any trouble making your men follow you up the hill?"

The dripping doughboy grins and shakes his head. "No, sir, but I had considerable difficulty in keeping up with them!"

The united effort and selfless sacrifices that had bought the victory were aptly summed up by Lieutenant John J. Pershing, 10th Cavalry. With the perspicacity that characterized his later professional career he wrote: "White regiments, black regiments, Regulars and Rough Riders, representing the young manhood of the North and the South, fought shoulder to shoulder, unmindful of race or color, unmindful of whether commanded by an ex-Confederate or not, and mindful only of their common duty as Americans."

VII

RECALL

[JULY 2–SEPTEMBER 1]

IT WAS HALF PAST TWO O'CLOCK in the afternoon.

San Juan had been won, and on the top of the hill the winners were wondering just what they would be able to do with it, now that they had it.

Shafter was wondering the same thing. He knew that Kent and Wheeler had chased the Spaniards out of their trenches, on the parapets of which a flapping row of blue, yellow, white and red silk squares marked where the regimental standards were stuck in the soft earth. But he also knew that the enemy had retreated not more than half a mile toward Santiago where there were 5,000 troops, with reinforcements expected hourly; his exhausted men were hugging the ground on the reverse slope of the hill below the crest over which enemy bullets and shells still came sailing, while they waited for their own reinforcements to arrive. Unfortunately for them, there were no American reinforcements immediately available. In his eagerness to get the job done, plus his assurance of early help from Lawton as soon as that impetuous officer had

gobbled up El Caney, General Shafter had committed his entire command to combat with no reserves against the unexpected. And now the unexpected had happened. Lawton had been hammering at El Caney since early morning and from the sound of things was still having his hands full with that obstinate village. Fearful of the debacle that would ensue if the Spaniards counterattacked in force against San Juan, Shafter whipped off a hurried plea to Lawton to let El Caney go, if he had to, and get back to help capture Santiago.

This message reached Lawton just as he was starting what he hoped would be his final push against the meager force of 500 Spaniards that had been holding him at bay all day. He sent back word that he couldn't stop now but would come as soon as he could, and then ordered his entire line to advance in a frontal assault on the stone church and blockhouses which continued to spout fire. Capron's battery had not been able to offer much support at any time and the 2nd Massachusetts Volunteers had early been withdrawn from combat because of the thick white smoke from their obsolete ammunition, so it was up to the rest of the doughboys to go it alone, which they bravely did. Captain Arthur Lee, the British attaché from the Royal Artillery, looked on this unorthdox procedure in awe. "My word!" he ejaculated. "Do you chaps usually assault blockhouses and rifle pits before they have been searched by artillery?" "Not always," admitted the 12th Infantry major to whom he spoke, and ran on to join the last wave of his regiment rushing through a breach in the barbed-wire

entanglements. General Vara del Rey, in command at El Caney, was rallying what was left of his forces in the church plaza when he was mowed down with bullets in both legs; as he was being placed on a stretcher another slug caught him in the head. With their leader gone the Spaniards gave up, and a little after four o'clock Lawton was able to encourage Shafter with the heartening word that he would start back after he had buried the 81 dead and attended to the 360 wounded the fight had cost him.

These tasks accomplished, the 2nd Division regiments started off at sunset along the direct road to Santiago but headquarters, fearing an ambush, turned them back to the El Pozo road they had traversed twelve weary hours before, and they plodded on until darkness overtook them. With only four hours' sleep the previous night and after fighting all day on a scanty bivouac breakfast, the men were completely spent and Lawton ordered a trailside camp for the night. There was no dinner but the troops were too exhausted to care; Lawton and his staff took this opportunity to ride forward to reconnoiter and to meet an officer from Shafter's staff who would give Lawton further directions as to the position his division was to take before Santiago. They never did find the promised staff officer but they did ride into a Spanish outpost which was as surprised as they were and vanished into the darkness after firing only one shot. However, that was enough for the general's group; they withdrew to their own lines to await daylight and to curse rumors masquerading as orders about meetings with mythical staff officers.

But the staff officer was actually far from mythical. He was Colonel Derby, of balloon fame, and while Lawton was thrashing about in the bushes and bumping into enemy pickets trying to find him, Derby was with equally vain zeal trying to find Lawton. To help the general locate him in the darkness Derby thought it would be a good idea if he were to sing some familiar American song, and so burst lustily into the words of "John Brown's Body." It did not prove to be a good idea at all, but a very bad one; Lawton didn't hear him but the Spaniards did, and nearly winged him with a disapproving volley. In the face of this unappreciative audience Derby quit the vicinity, leaving Lawton to find his own way to the right of the American line along San Juan Heights, which he did at sunup. His men had marched and fought and marched again for nearly thirty hours, and when an officious aide pointed out to Lawton that he was halting in the immediate range of a Spanish battery Lawton quietly looked at him, then at the dog-tired faces behind him, and casually drew off his gauntlets. "I'm sorry, but my men are too tuckered to capture it now. In a couple of hours, when we're rested, we'll go over and take it." The aide always wondered how the smart General Lawton could so completely misunderstand his kindly words of warning.

General Chaffee, still sizzling under the remembrance of the conspicuously inaccurate reconnaissance report he had rendered on El Caney, was further peeved when he came upon Lieutenant Parker and his Gatlings straddling one of the hill roads. As a veteran cavalryman who had

come up from the ranks Chaffee fondly believed that the only job worthy of a soldier in a war was riding a horse, so the sight of these mechanical brass "coffee grinders" only infuriated him further.

"What are you doing here?" he brusquely demanded. (Brusqueness and creasing his campaign hat crossways instead of front-to-back were carefully cultivated Chaffee trademarks.) "I'm commanding this road, sir," politely replied Parker. This was too much for the general.

"You're not commanding a damn thing!"

Parker was too smart to attempt any reply except a salute. Chaffee went off to vent his spleen elsewhere and Parker stayed where he was, still commanding his road.

Back on San Juan the troops were gradually getting themselves sorted out and taking account of stock; the outlook was not prepossessing. Pearson's brigade, it was true, had followed Wikoff's through the jungle and had gone up and over the green knoll to the left of San Juan Hill, where it was barely anchoring that end of the American line; the rest of the 1st Division thinly held the center of the line with the cavalry division next beyond. Bates and his independent brigade were due to reinforce Pearson, and Lawton was overdue on Wheeler's right. Things would doubtless look up when Bates and Lawton arrived, but so far there was no word of just when that might be. Meanwhile casualties had taken a heavy toll of Shafter's forces; 514 men had been wounded and 142 killed, the dead including a native scout who had helped the 16th

Infantry cut through a wire fence and was the only Cuban seen on the field during the fight. And, although there was nobody "missing in action," there was provided the unusual instance of a cavalryman missing *from* action. This unfortunate individual was none other than that officer of the Rough Riders who had, as at Las Guasimas, simultaneously taken leave of his men and his senses when the shooting started, shakily halting only when he reached the rearmost echelon of the zone of operations. Why he had been permitted to get that far without at least one of his hard-boiled cowboy troopers shooting him in the back was an oversight deeply regretted by the regiment; in order to avoid the scandal of a court-martial for cowardice, Wood promptly relieved him from further duty and "permitted" him to resign.

In contrast, there was one other noncombatant with the Volunteer cavalry who not only stood his ground, but stood it on top of a trench. This was author Stephen Crane, who as a reporter for the New York *World* was now living the experiences he had imagined so brilliantly in his *Red Badge of Courage*. Smitten with a harebrained determination to offset the officer's defection with an example of coolness under fire, Crane climbed out of his trench and paraded along the top of the parapet clad in a dazzling white raincoat. Smoking a pipe with what he doubtless hoped was a nonchalant air he tacitly ignored Wood's commands to get down for the safety of the men around him, if not for his own. Finally his colleague Davis yelled at him, "Get down, Crane. You're not impressing

anyone up there!" And Crane, his pretty conceit shattered, got down.

The 71st, which had offered such a stupefying example of massed battle shock, had now calmed down but was still of questionable dependability for combat duty. However, it helped to stretch the tenuous line to join with the Rough Riders on the far right where the Gatling gun battery also was positioned. Parker and his Gatlings had done valiant work all over the front, and as a result two of his guns were out of commission from overheating; the dynamite gun, which had been added to his command, was still completely useless.

And all the time the Spanish troops, from formidably fortified positions not more than 800 yards away (some advanced posts were only 200 yards distant), kept up their annoying reminders that, while possession may very well be nine points of the law, they were disposed to dispute the theory and might prove their one point in the not too distant future. Under the circumstances there was nothing for the Americans to do but crouch in the ex-Spanish redoubts and pray that more men, ammunition, and rations would arrive before the enemy did. Fortunately all those things happened.

The discarded blanket rolls and haversacks which had been overlooked by the Cubans were brought up in the late afternoon with extra food, cartridges, and entrenching tools and despite their weariness all hands joined in making their position more secure. Bombproofs were dug in the hillside and ascent of the steeper slopes

made easier with ladders. Around dusk a picket of the 1st Volunteer Cavalry was fired on, provoking an all-out exchange of musketry, but the feared counterattack did not materialize and quiet was shortly restored. But even this skirmish, short and useless as it was, managed to provide still another unusual occurrence in the long list of unusual occurrences which had hexed the entire undertaking. The colonel of the 16th Infantry was the first to sense that the alarm was false and ordering a bugler to sound "Cease Firing," was amazed to hear the musician blow instead the cavalry's "Water Call." Not only that, but every bugler in the regiment then blew "Water Call" which never had been used in the infantry. It stopped the firing, and no bugler could ever afterward explain his mystifying departure from normal procedure. The outraged colonel, with the faint jeers of the neighboring cavalry files sounding in his ears, at once made it abundantly clear that no bugler would ever afterward repeat the performance, and digging was resumed. The only casualty of the affair was the accidental shooting of a comrade by a jittery member of M Company of the 71st; to forestall panic the company officers hustled away the killer and his victim under cover of darkness, the identities of both to remain forever secret.

About half past one in the morning Bates and his brigade appeared to bolster the far left, and with the sun came Lawton; then everyone, on or off the hill, felt that deeper breaths might now be drawn with a little more confidence.

Encouraged by this improvement in conditions, someone had the ill-advised notion that an artillery battery would give further strength to the American position, and Captain Best's K Battery, 1st Artillery, was ordered to go into action against Santiago from just in front of the 1st Brigade trenches. Putting field guns into the front lines of infantry is a risky business at best and this time it was little short of disastrous. When the first blast from the battery mushroomed a cloud of white smoke to indicate its exact position, everything in the Spanish lines capable of discharging any kind and size of projectile let go at the plainly marked target, and kept on doing it. The gun crews ducked into the nearest trenches and the few desultory rounds that K Battery was able to fire in return were accomplished by the gunners loading the shells while lying flat on their backs beneath the gun carriages. It was obvious the guns could not stay where they were and would have to be manhandled down the hill since the horses could not be brought up to drag them off; General Hawkins thereupon ordered F and M Companies of the 71st to cover the artillery withdrawal. It was almost a suicide mission but to the credit of themselves and their regiment the companies responded nobly, and for twenty-five minutes—during which they suffered casualties at the rate of five a minute—F and M kept the Spanish fire down so that Best could haul his guns away with only one man slightly wounded.

The 9th Massachusetts and the 34th Michigan Volunteer Infantry regiments, having just disembarked at Siboney,

now made their appearance, but even with this increase in his strength Shafter knew that his still-depleted force could not possibly take Santiago without outside assistance. In this grave extremity he suddenly thought of Sampson and his fleet riding serenely off Santiago Harbor. Here at last was a chance to set an example of interservice cooperation, and he quickly offered it to the admiral: "I urge that you make every effort immediately to force the entrance to avoid future losses among my men, which are already very heavy."

The admiral was unimpressed. Why wouldn't it be a better plan, he countered, for Shafter to attack the seacoast batteries at the harbor mouth from the land side? Then, when these had been captured, the Navy could come in and clear out the submarine mines with which the harbor was reported to be thickly planted. This, Sampson warned, might take some time as the nearest minesweeping outfit was at Guantanamo and the Navy didn't know how to use it anyway, but would try to learn the technique as fast as possible. Shafter, who was unable to attack an enemy entrenched directly in front of him, didn't see much chance of success against an enemy manning major fortifications, and suggested that perhaps he and Sampson should have a conference. To this the admiral agreed and said he would come to Siboney on the *New York* the next morning, thence riding overland to the general's headquarters. So that was decided and Shafter could turn his attention to matters of immediate concern.

Chief of these was the terrific rainstorm which swept

over El Pozo and San Juan during the afternoon. The roads and trails reverted to their primeval ooze, the fords rose to flood heights, and it was apparent that any continuance of such weather might make it impossible to maintain transportation and communications between headquarters, Siboney, and San Juan. Calling a meeting of his division commanders at six o'clock at El Pozo, the general addressed them from a door laid on sawhorses, which served him as a couch.

"I have called you here to have an expression of your opinion on the state of affairs at the front. I have been told by a great many this afternoon that it is absolutely necessary for us to retreat in order to save ourselves from being enfiladed by the Spanish lines and cut off from our supplies, as an attack by the Spaniards with a few fresh troops would result in utter defeat."

Everybody seemed to have something to say but nobody seemed to want to offer any decided opinion one way or the other.

"Well," said the general, "we'll take a vote on this. Of course, I will assume full responsibility for any movement that takes place. But I desire to put the matter to a vote."

The vote was taken in order of rank, beginning with Lawton as the junior general present. Although the result was considered confidential it was conveniently "leaked" to a newspaper correspondent, whose subsequent report was never denied: Lawton, Bates, and Wheeler against withdrawing, Kent for it. The meeting then adjourned.

At the close of the fight for San Juan, Shafter had cabled Washington: "We have carried their outer works and are now in possession of them. . . . By morning troops will be intrenched and considerable augmentation of forces will be here. . . . I regret to say our casualties will be above 400." He followed this with a more sobering wire, "I fear I have underestimated today's casualties," and after that preserved the silence of the tomb. So, as the conference at El Pozo was breaking up, anxious Washington was cabling the general, "We are awaiting with intense anxiety tidings of yesterday." When still no reply was received to this on the morning of the 3rd, the Secretary of War was thoroughly exasperated and let Shafter know it. "Waited with the President until 4 o'clock this morning for news from you relative to battle. Not a word received nor has been up to this hour. . . . Interrupt all messages being sent to the Associated Press and others and make report at close of each day."

Almost immediately he got the first of the postbattle reports he so much desired, sent from El Pozo at seven that morning; in interest and importance its contents more than made up for any of the messages Alger had hoped to get and didn't.

Scarcely believing his eyes, the secretary falteringly read to a thunderstruck President the words which his mind refused to credit:

"We have the town well invested on the north and east but with a very thin line. Upon approaching it we find it of such a character and defenses so strong that it will be

impossible to carry it by storm with my present force, and I am seriously considering withdrawing five miles."

What had happened? Was Shafter mad? Only the day before he had been cheerfully reporting that he was in possession of the enemy's works, and now he was talking about retreating! With considerable restraint, Alger observed that Shafter's communiqués "did not tend to brighten the situation."

While these tidings were giving chills and fever to official Washington, official Santiago was being favored with its own message from Shafter but of a vastly different sort.

Early that morning it had been Colonel McClernand's lot, as the headquarters handyman, to put his general's Washington report on the wire. Remembering the argumentative conference of the previous evening he wisely forbore to reopen the discussion of a withdrawal, but made bold with an entirely new suggestion. "General, let's make a demand on them to surrender!"

Shafter raised himself from his cot and stared grimly at his subordinate. For a moment McClernand felt a sharp rebuke was coming his way; then the general fell back weakly. "Well, try it," he murmured and the colonel withdrew to draft what would prove to be the first of many communications he would dispatch to General José Toral, the Santiago commandant: "I shall be obliged, unless you surrender, to shell Santiago de Cuba. Please inform the citizens of foreign countries and all women and children that they should leave the city before ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

This unusual circumstance of a combat commander warning his superiors of his impending retreat from the enemy and simultaneously calling upon that same enemy to surrender apparently gave General Shafter new courage. Just before sunset, when a wire reached him from the distraught secretary of war telling him to hold San Juan Hill at all costs, he was able to send a tranquilizing reply to the War Department: "I shall hold my present position."

Also on that momentous afternoon one Captain Allen of the mounted cavalry squadron excitedly rode in, fresh from a morning patrol far around the northern end of Lawton's right flank. From there he could see over Santiago to the harbor beyond, where Cervera's imprisoned fleet lay at anchor. As he watched, he suddenly became aware that the ships were in motion; smoke began to pour from their funnels, white foam rushed back from their cutwaters, and the great battle flags were broken out at every masthead. At last the enemy was going out to do battle with Sampson! Allen waited until the ships disappeared around the hills that guarded the crooked entrance to the harbor; he heard the thunder of the opening broadsides, he wondered about the soaring columns of black smoke that betokened something more than gunfire, and finally he listened to a breathless native who reported that the Spaniards' fleet had been destroyed. It was great news, officially confirmed from Siboney that night in full detail. Gallantly led by Admiral Cervera on his flagship, the *Infanta Maria Teresa,* the column of enemy ironclads

had struck boldly out from behind Morro Castle and headed straight for the open sea and the waiting Americans. Theirs was a hopeless cause and the Spaniards knew it; fervently Cervera had warned his government that any attempt to get his antiquated and ill-conditioned vessels past the blockaders "will be the ruin of each and all of the ships and the death of the greater part of the crews," but the capture of San Juan and the consequently inevitable fall of Santiago left his government no choice but to ignore the old sea dog's protests and order him to make this one last, futile gesture of defiance.

When the emergency signal "The enemy's ships are coming out" had been flung to the breeze from the yardarm of every Yankee ship it found the crews lining up for the regular Sunday morning church service, a peaceful scene to be rudely dissipated as "General Quarters" sounded. Bosuns' pipes shrilled, engine-room gongs clanged and jingled, and a calm tropical morning became pandemonium personified.

With engines at forced draught the ponderous U.S.S. *Brooklyn, Indiana, Iowa, Oregon,* and *Texas* and the little *Vixen* and *Gloucester* had swung into smoke-shrouded action, all batteries going full blast with well-aimed shots that in a running fight along the coast had in less than four hours destroyed the other fleet, forcing four ships ashore in flames and blowing up two others. Cervera was a prisoner as were most of his officers and men, and victory for Admiral Sampson's squadron had been complete. The only unfortunate part of the whole affair was that Admiral

Sampson hadn't been in it! Thanks to his scheduled meeting with General Shafter, the admiral was on his flagship heading for Siboney when the engagement began and only got back when it was almost over, the actual direction of the fight having devolved upon his second-in-command, Commander W. S. Schley. He never did get to see Shafter, but Shafter didn't mind. He had the satisfaction of getting off a final cable to Washington: "The Spanish fleet left the harbor this morning and is reported practically destroyed. . . . Demanded surrender of the city at 10 o'clock. . . . No reply has been received." It was received an hour later, saying that Toral would not surrender his city, but hinting that he might agree to a truce. Shafter at once sent out General Wheeler and Colonel Dorst under a white flag to arrange it, and ordered all firing to cease. Too late to help the Santiago garrison, General Pando and the promised reinforcements of over 3,000 troops easily entered the city, despite the promises grandly made by General Garcia that no Spaniards would ever get past his Cubans.

From that day on for a full week there was no more shooting by either side, the only serious American casualty being Colonel Miles, commanding the 2nd Brigade of the 2nd Division, who had successfully passed through the murderous San Juan fire only to collapse with such a bad attack of malarial fever that he had to be permanently relieved from duty.

The Fourth of July was celebrated by the reading to all troops of a telegram of congratulation from President McKinley and concerts of patriotic airs by the regimental

bands, the musicians of the Rough Riders thoughtfully including "Fair Harvard" among their selections.

On the 6th, the truce still being in effect, Commander Hobson and his *Merrimac* crew were exchanged for some of our Spanish prisoners, and were received back into the American lines with wild acclaim. Considerably less enthusiasm was aroused by the almost daily parade of white flags that crossed and recrossed the green valley between the two armies. Surrender demands were made and rejected, terms were discussed and dismissed, and as far as the bored men in the trenches could see, nothing was happening to get them out. Catcalls and ribald jests greeted each snowy standard as it wound through the underbrush, in sharp contrast to the dignified and courtly level on which the two foes were corresponding: "To His Excellency, the Commander in Chief of the American Forces"—"I have the honor to request Your Excellency's attention"—"It is to be regretted that we cannot accede to your Excellency's suggestion"—"I have the honor to remain your Excellency's most obedient servant." What it all boiled down to was "Will-you-surrender—No-I-won't" but the longer it lasted the less sure of themselves the Spaniards became, especially with the burned-out hulks of Cervera's fleet lining the coast. Upon the arrival of General Miles on the 11th matters speeded up considerably, although his coming posed a pretty problem for the Spanish protocolists. "Excellency" was all right for Shafter and the other generals as a courtesy title; Miles, however, was not only a general but the supreme general of all. Some-

thing special obviously was indicated for him, and Castilian punctilio provided it. To the general's somewhat startled surprise they addressed him as "your Grace."

Miles, Shafter, and Toral met several times in the shade of a great ceiba tree between the lines and their continuing discussions made it increasingly plain to them all that there was no point in either side continuing to kill the other. General Toral, however, had some reservations about giving in. He didn't like the idea of a surrender, but wouldn't mind a "capitulation"; he wanted his troops to march out of Santiago bearing their arms and he thought it only right that the United States should transport them all back to Spain.

It was finally agreed that, if it made Toral feel any better, Santiago would "capitulate" to the Americans, and although the Spanish troops would not be permitted to keep their arms they could march out of the city with them and then deposit them with the Americans who, not to be outdone in politeness, would in turn send them on to Spain together with the vanquished troops themselves. To honor their fallen foe even further, the Americans arranged a token bombardment of the besieged city so that Toral could truly be said to have laid down his arms under fire. There was just one final point on which Toral was not quite clear.

"Does my capitulation embrace all my command?"

"What does your command consist of?" asked Shafter.

"The IV Army Corps."

"Where is it located?"

Toral considered a moment. "I have 11,500 men here, 3,500 at San Luis, 7,000 at Guantanamo, and 1,500 more scattered within twenty-five miles."

Shafter was thunderstruck that the Spaniard should be willing to give up without a struggle this overwhelming force of more than 12,000 men absolutely beyond reach of the Americans, but he assured Toral that his entire force was included. So it was settled and the final papers were signed by representatives of both armies at 2:30 in the afternoon of July 15.

That night, for the last time, the American guns spoke against Santiago. Their anger, as arranged, was only feigned but Capron, whose battery was chosen for the job, saw to it that the attack was not too palpably false. After every few rounds he would rush up to the gunners, soundly berate them for their purposely poor results, and with a great show of righteous indignation lay the next piece himself—and do no better. It was great fun for the men, did no harm to the Spaniards, pleased Toral, fooled no one, and took poor Capron's mind off his troubles. He felt the loss of his boy at Las Guasimas keenly, and his sympathetic battery could hear him in his pup tent at night, seeking solace in the army panacea of bourbon and branch water and muttering between drinks, "I'll get 'em Allyn! Goddam 'em, Allyn, I'll get 'em!"

Monday, July 17, was the Big Day. About eleven o'clock all the American generals and their staffs, accompanied by a mounted cavalry escort and a hundred riflemen, rode forward to the ceiba tree and were there received by the

Spanish commanders. Shafter, resplendent in a white English pith helmet, presented Toral with the sword and spurs of General del Rey, killed at El Caney and there buried by the Americans with full military honors. Toral gave up his city and then the Americans rode into the plaza fronting the governor's palace. Headed by Shafter's aide, Lieutenant Miley, a special detail including Captain McKittrick and Lieutenant Joseph Wheeler, Jr., ascended to the roof of the palace where the United States ensign would at noon replace the Spanish banner. But they found they were not to do it entirely alone—Sylvester Scovil of the *Journal* was ahead of them and refused to leave. While Miley was wondering what to do with this intruder, Shafter told him. He had seen Scovil from the plaza and shouted to his aide, "Miley, tell that man to get off there!" The aide saluted. "Sir, I have told him but he won't go!" Shafter had started the campaign by rowing with the press in the person of Davis; now he was to end it the same way with Scovil. "Throw him off!" Two troopers started for the roof to carry out the general's orders, but Scovil beat them to it. In a blinding rage the newsman rushed down to the street and striding up to Shafter swung a haymaker at the commander's jaw. Fortunately he missed; the MPs closed in and in the absence of any convenient penal facilities, stood the hot-tempered Mr. Scovil in a handy wall niche which fortuitously lacked its accustomed statue. He there remained under guard until the troops left the plaza and escorted him to an army guardhouse.

As noon sounded from the cathedral belfry the three officers at the palace raised their flag, the escort and the 9th Infantry, which had the honor of being our first regiment to enter the city, presented arms, and the massed bands played the National Anthem. From the hard-won hills behind the city Capron's battery boomed out a 21-gun salute and on the trenchtops the soldiers, who had a bird's-eye view of the proceedings, cheered and waved their hats.

It was all over.

Cuba was free but the Americans weren't.

Released from the healthy rigors of active campaigning, our troops fell easy prey to the cumulative effects of bad weather and bad food. Malarial fever, dysentery, sunstroke, and homesickness began daily to claim more victims and finally the dreaded yellow fever made its appearance. Camps were burned out, units were isolated, special hospitals were established, and pure drinking water was tanked over from St. Petersburg, but nothing seemed to help. The only sure cure apparently was transfer to a better climate, but no orders for going home came from Washington, busy with plans for an expedition to Puerto Rico.

But there was still some fight left in the boys, as was proved when a newly arrived Michigan Volunteer outfit was placed next to a veteran regiment of Regulars. The newcomers, proud of their rough-and-ready background, proceeded to live up to the unwholesome habits of their wolverine namesake by pilfering their neighbors' supply

of firewood. Their neighbors were unaccustomed to taking such nonsense from anyone, let alone a bunch of citizen soldiers, and proved it on the persons of the militiamen. The latter revenged themselves by dumping their kitchen slops on the open ground adjoining the Regulars' camp and using one of the Regulars' trenches for a latrine. At this the Regulars posted guards and a Gatling gun at their camp border and promised to shoot any Wolverine who so much as walked near the place. Word of this affair reached the high command and next day work parties of the Volunteers appeared with shovels and smoothed over everything except the ruffled feelings of the Regulars.

The health of the troops kept declining, and the deaths mounting; military funeral services were abandoned because there were not enough well men to render the final honors. And when on August 3 there were 842 men on the sick report of one regiment alone, the division commanders decided something drastic would have to be done if their army was to be saved from complete disintegration. This took the form of a round robin to Shafter, signed by all the generals except Young, who was sick, and Hawkins, who had picked up a stray bullet in his foot.

This document, unique in our service, stated flatly that "the General Officers of the U.S. Army of Occupation in Cuba are of the unanimous opinion that this Army must at once be taken out of the Island of Cuba and sent to some point on the northeastern shore of the United States. . . . That the Army is disabled by malarial fever and will be

entirely destroyed when yellow fever sets in. . . . This Army must be moved at once or it will perish as an Army," Shafter sent the paper forward to Washington with his blessing and the next day orders arrived to begin the movement of the command to Montauk Point, Long Island.

The homeward-bound transports began to move out on August 7 and on August 25 Shafter turned over his command to Lawton, leaving Wood behind as military governor of the island, and headed north. On September 1 he stepped ashore on Long Island.

The charge up San Juan Hill was behind him. Ahead of him lay scandals, hearings, investigations, and the sniping criticisms of jealous colleagues and ignorant citizens. The vacillating battle actions of the 71st New York would alone become a cause célèbre of such intensity that the secretary of war would order destroyed all copies of the official report of the occurrence. But Shafter had no lasting regrets. He had done the best he could, and it must have been pretty good. Maybe critics would say that his troops were lacking in training, arms, food and medicine, but they did not lack those two essential items of equipment of every successful fighting man—courage and patriotism.

With about 15,000 fighting effectives he had captured 24,000 Spanish troops complete with rifles, pistols and swords, over 100 cannons of varying sizes, 18 Maxim rapid-fire guns as good as our Gatlings, and 5,575,000 rounds of ammunition. At any rate he had a letter that said his boys had done their job well; it was from a Spanish soldier, and he ought to know.

Santiago de Cuba,
August 21, 1898

To Major General Shafter, Commanding the American Army in Cuba.

Sir:—

The Spanish soldiers who capitulated in this place on the 16th of July last, recognizing your high and just cause, pray that through you all the courageous and noble soldiers under your command may receive our good wishes and farewell which we send to you on embarking for our beloved Spain. For this favor, which we have no doubt you will grant, you will gain the everlasting gratitude and consideration of eleven thousand Spanish soldiers, who are your most humble servants.

PEDRO LOPEZ DE CASTILLO
Private of Infantry

VIII

DISMISS

And after all that—

Major General Miles commanded the expedition against Puerto Rico in 1899, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant general in 1901. He retired in 1903.

Major General Shafter retained his Volunteer's stars in the Regular Army, and in turn commanded the Departments of the East, California and Columbia.

Major General Wheeler was given charge of the demobilization camp at Montauk Point, N. Y., and later led a brigade during the insurrection in the Philippines. He was appointed a brigadier general in the Regular Army and retired in 1901.

Major General Kent reverted from a Volunteer major general to a Regular Army brigadier in October of 1898, and in the same month retired after forty years' service. His action in changing General Hawkins's plan of battle before San Juan without the knowledge or consent of his subordinate was subject to close official scrutiny, but he was not penalized for it. In 1915 he was promoted to the rank of major general on the Army's retired list and died three years later.

Major General Lawton succeeded to Shafter's command in Cuba, and then was transferred to the Philippines, where he became a corps commander. He was killed in action in December, 1899.

Major General Chaffee served as chief of staff to the military governor of Cuba until 1900. He then was sent to China in command of the U.S. troops at Peking in the Boxer Rebellion. On his return to the States he was promoted to lieutenant general and appointed chief of staff of the Army in 1904.

Brigadier General Hawkins, because of his brilliant and daring leadership at San Juan Hill, was made a brigadier general in the Regular establishment. He retired in 1904.

Brigadier General Sumner became a major general of Volunteers following the Cuban campaign, a rank which he held for another year. He then returned to his permanent grade of colonel of cavalry, from which he was promoted to a Regular brigadier generalcy in 1901.

Brigadier General Young not only recovered from his critical attacks of malarial fever but went on to lead a cavalry command in the Philippines in 1899. In 1903 the War Department selected him to be the first chief of the newly organized General Staff. He held that post until his retirement a year later.

Brigadier General Bates added to his combat record against the Filipino insurgents in 1900. He was promoted to major general and in 1906 was appointed the Army's chief of staff.

Colonel Funston took Shafter's advice and returned to

his 20th Kansas Volunteers, whom he led to the Philippines in 1899. For his bravery in the battle of Calumpit, Funston was awarded the Medal of Honor; later he effected the capture of the rebel leader Aguinaldo. As commander of the Department of California he was in charge of San Francisco when that city was put under martial law after its disastrous earthquake and fire in 1906. He became a major general in 1914 and planned the punitive expedition into Mexico which was commanded by Pershing.

Colonel Wood was promoted to brigadier general of Volunteers and appointed military governor of Santiago. A year later he was chosen to be military governor of Cuba. As a major general he was, from 1910 to 1914, chief of staff of the Army and was largely responsible for establishing the Plattsburg training camp for civilians. During World War I he trained the 10th and 89th Divisions for combat in France, but was himself kept at home. In 1921 he was simultaneously selected to be president of the University of Pennsylvania and governor general of the Philippines. The university gave him a leave of absence to accept the Philippines post and he died there in 1927.

Lieutenant Colonel McClernand went from Cuba to Governors Island, New York, where he compiled the official records of the Cuban campaign. He was discharged from the Volunteers in August, 1899, and the next day was reappointed therein as a full colonel, commanding the 44th Volunteer Infantry. He saw several

tours of duty in various capacities in the Philippines, was a military attaché with the Japanese Army in 1905, and ended his service—or so he thought—as a brigadier general in 1912. However, he was immediately recalled to active duty in Europe, studying foreign cavalry equipment and training. Upon the completion of this work he was once more retired, but again was recalled for another special assignment which lasted until his third retirement in 1914. On the outbreak of World War I he was put back in uniform to command the Presidio at San Francisco for a year. This time his retirement actually was permanent, but meanwhile he had been awarded the Silver Star for his Cuban services.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL DORST assumed his Regular rank of a major of cavalry and returned to the United States in the fall of 1898, as adjutant general of the VII Corps at Savannah, Georgia. He went again to Cuba at the end of the year on administrative duty in the Province of Havana, and came back Stateside in 1899 to organize and drill the 45th Volunteer Infantry, which he led in the Philippines. He became a Regular colonel of cavalry in 1903 and after another tour of Philippine duty was retired at his own request in 1911.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL ROOSEVELT finally achieved a full colonelcy in the Rough Riders, and mustered them and himself out of service in September of 1898. He then turned his attention to politics with considerable success, being elected governor of New York State in November of '98 and vice-president of the United States

with President McKinley in 1900. Upon McKinley's assassination in 1901 Roosevelt naturally succeeded to the Presidency and then, also naturally, succeeded himself in the election of 1904. During World War I he volunteered to raise, equip and train a division to fight against Germany. More than 250,000 applications were received for enrollment in this force but the War Department declined the offer.

LIEUTENANT GALLAGHER was officially commended for his outstanding service in the Commissary and was in consequence sent to China with Chaffee. He continued his fine work there and received rapid promotions to the rank of colonel and assignment as a member of the Army's first General Staff in 1903.

LIEUTENANT MILEY became Lieutenant Colonel Miley in September, 1898, and thereafter served as inspector general of the V Corps in Cuba, and the Department of the East in the United States. In 1899 he went to Manila as a collector of customs on the staff of General Lawton, and there his legal training (he had obtained his law degree from the Columbia Law School after graduation from West Point) proved of invaluable benefit to the American forces. The promising career of this brilliant young officer was regrettably terminated by his sudden death from meningitis in September, 1899, at the age of thirty-seven.

LIEUTENANT PARKER progressed normally through company and field officer grades and was a full colonel at the beginning of World War I. In that conflict he led

the 102nd Infantry with such extraordinary daring and success that he won no less than four Distinguished Service Crosses; in the process he was twice wounded. Also, and to no one's surprise, he had gained a reputation as one of the Army's leading exponents of machine gunnery, and in France established such an excellent training school in the use and techniques of automatic weapons that he was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal. He retired in 1924 and at his death eighteen years later was the last surviving commander of any of the San Juan Hill forces.

LIEUTENANT PERSHING went from Cuba to the Philippines, and was appointed to the General Staff in 1903. A year later he was sent to Manchuria as a U.S. observer of the Russo-Japanese War. On his return President Roosevelt promoted him from captain to brigadier general over the heads of 800 senior officers, who didn't like it. In 1916 he went into Mexico after the bandit Villa (he didn't catch him) and the next year was picked to head the American Expeditionary Force in World War I. In reward for this duty he received the unique rank of "General of the Armies," the first and only officer to hold this title which Congress originally had authorized for George Washington but had never got around to bestowing on him. Pershing closed his brilliant military career as chief of the Army's General Staff from 1921 until his retirement in 1924.

Awards of the Medal of Honor in the Cuban Campaign

★

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy"

EDWARD L. BAKER, JR.
Sergeant Major, 10th Cavalry

DENNIS BELL
Private, 10th Cavalry

GEORGE BERG
Private, 17th Infantry

OSCAR BROOKIN
Private, 17th Infantry

ULYSSES G. BUZZARD
Private, 17th Infantry

CHARLES P. CANTRELL
Private, 10th Infantry

JAMES R. CHURCH
1st Lieutenant, Medical Corps, 1st Volunteer Cavalry

ANDREW J. CUMMINS
Sergeant, 10th Infantry

JOHN F. DESWAN
Private, 21st Infantry

THOMAS M. DOHERTY
Corporal, 21st Infantry

FRANK O. FOURNIA
Private, 21st Infantry

THOMAS J. GRAVES
Private, 17th Infantry

BENJAMIN F. HARDAWAY
1st Lieutenant, 17th Infantry

WILLIAM KELLER
Private, 10th Infantry

THOMAS KELLY
Private, 10th Infantry

ALBERT I. MILLS
Captain, 1st Volunteer Cavalry

JAMES J. NASH
Private, 10th Infantry

GEORGE H. NEE
Private, 21st Infantry

HERMAN PFISTERER
Bugler, 21st Infantry

ALFRED POLOND
Private, 10th Infantry

ALEXANDER M. QUINN
Sergeant, 13th Infantry

CHARGE!

CHARLES D. ROBERTS
2nd Lieutenant, 17th Infantry

WARREN J. SHEPHERD
Corporal, 17th Infantry

GEORGE H. WANTON
Private, 10th Cavalry

IRA C. WELBORN
2nd Lieutenant, 9th Infantry

BRUNO WENDE
Private, 17th Infantry

★

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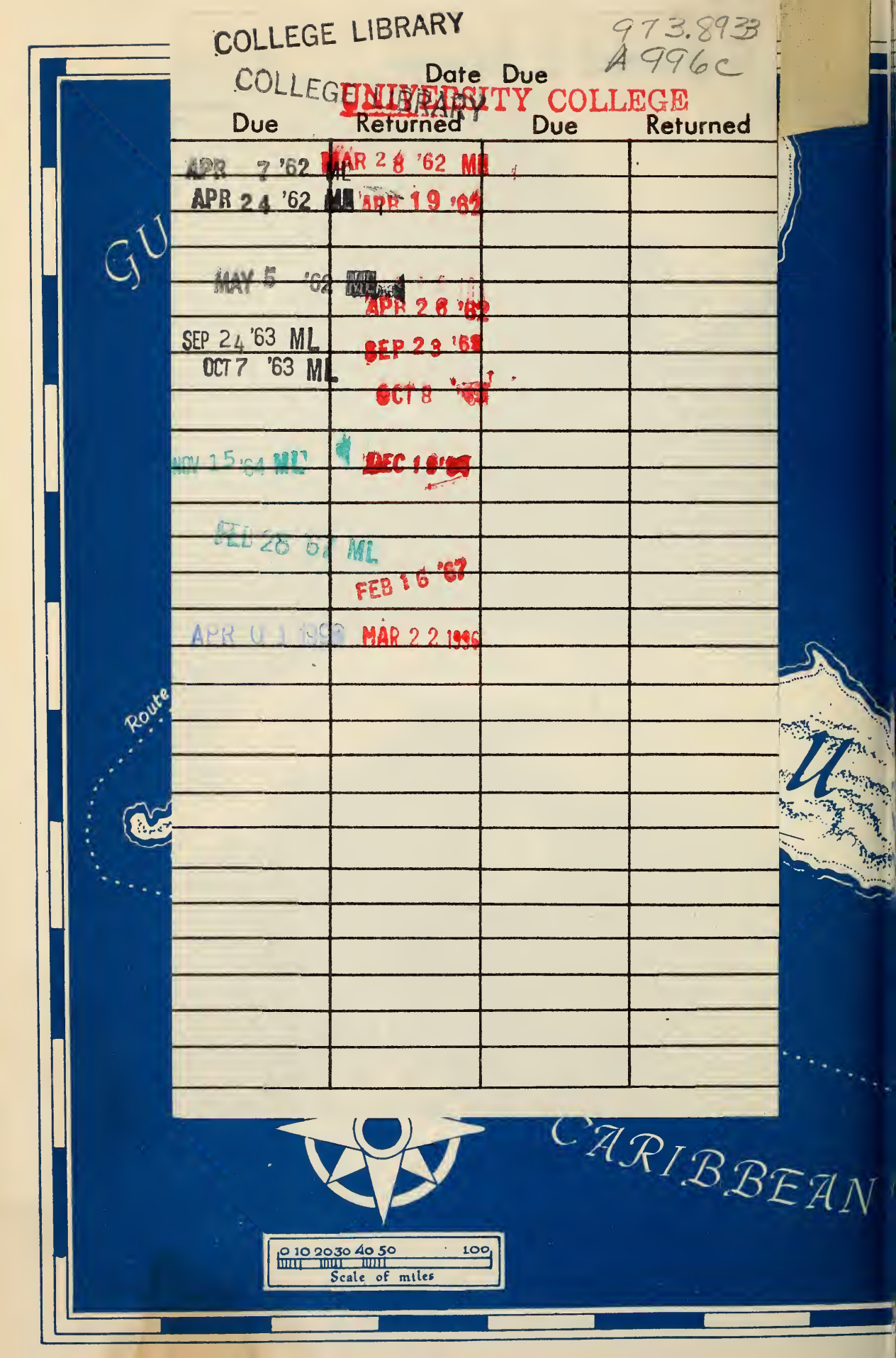

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